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IN this issue we print the first of Mr. Merritt's articles on the liquor situation as it exists at the present time in Canada. A careful reading of his piece, we think, can result in only one conclusion, namely, that no matter what system may be devised, the problem of the control of liquor will exist for many generations to come, just as it has for many generations past. So long as there is money to be made from the sale of alcohol, economic pressure will guarantee the presence of the liquor question whether in Finland, Sweden, Canada or the United States.

AT present, there are a great many people in this country who believe that Prohibition sentiment is steadily gaining—except in our large cities—and that in time this body of opinion will be so large that extreme punitive measures for enforcing Prohibition will have such enthusiastic support from a great majority of our people that the liquor question will resolve itself simply into one of law enforcement.

IT is possible that this is so. For one of the great difficulties with which we are faced at the present time is that of securing unprejudiced data on the subject. And yet, for seven years we have had in power a political party which has not made any perceptible headway toward real enforcement. Is this because the Republican Party has not sincerely wanted to advance the cause of Prohibition? Or because the law at present is really unenforceable on any National scale? We do not know.

ALL that is really clear is that the problem is still with us and apparently no nearer to a solution than it was when President Harding took office. And to feel that the world is getting better because we have a law saying it should be better, is to substitute emotion for reason.

MEANWHILE, we shall print in an early issue an article by a writer who does believe the Prohibition sentiment is gaining—and that in time the law will have a chance.

Francis Rufus Bellamy

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From "The Woodcut of Today at Home and Abroad" pub. by The Studio, Ltd.

"RETOUR DE PÊCHE"
Woodcut by Yvonne Jean

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Outlook
September 26, 1928

The Way Quebec Looks At It

After Seven Years of Liquor Control

By DIXON MERRITT

The Canadian system of liquor regulation is bound to be carefully examined, now that Governor Smith has made modification a real political issue. Accordingly, The Outlook sent Mr. Merritt across the border to report on conditions in various localities. His first article deals with the Province of Quebec, after seven years of government control. The millenium has not arrived but most citizens seem to agree that the present state of affairs is an improvement, both on prohibition and the wide open saloon.

I CAME to Canada to investigate Government control of the liquor business, taking first the province of Quebec, which has had control by the Provincial Government since 1921.

I arrived in Montreal, the metropolis of Quebec and of Canada, at 9 o'clock in the morning, Eastern daylight saving time. I was a perfect stranger and evidently looked the part. The customs officer on the train had told me flatly, though not quite truthfully, that this was my first trip to Canada, and the redcap in the station had tried to spoof me about an extension of my ticket to Quebec.

I checked my baggage and walked across to a line of taxicabs in front of a hotel. I asked the driver of the first cab in line if he knew where to find any girls. Smiling, he opened the door and I got in, prepared for another spoof and a sting. But this Jehu was not that kind of a crook. He drove me to the middle entrance of a three part house in a side street. We were met at the door by Madame, fat and fair but not quite forty.

It was then nearing 9:20 o'clock, D.S.

Several girls came into the parlor. I selected two, one plump and the other skinny, one pretty and the other homely, but both brunette. We had rye highballs together—very good rye highballs at a dollar apiece. I accepted a card, proffered to enable me to find my way back in the event I should wish to become better acquainted later on, and, giving Madame fifty cents for the maid, went into the street.

I bought a local newspaper and sat down on a bench in a small park to read it.

On page 11 was the story of the shooting to death on the night before of the Marquis Luigi Patrizi, son of the Marquis and Marchioness de Luigi of Naples. Few in Montreal knew who he was until he was dead. He had been known as the fastidious Luigi Patricia. The police were quoted as saying that for some time past he had operated a "blind pig" in the house in which he was killed.

On page 5 was the story of the conviction on the day before of Alec Russo for bootlegging beer in his boarding house. The man who drank the beer was an inspector of the Quebec Liquor Commisision. Russo swore, and was corroborated by three witnesses, that the man came to his house, pale and apparently weak, saying that he had been on an all night drinking spree and was in a fair way to die unless he could get a drink to brace him up. Russo said that he gave the man a bottle of beer, as he would give a drink to any man in similar misery, that the man offered him fifty cents which he refused to accept. All of this was sworn to by the three witnesses. The inspector, uncorroborated, contradicted Russo as to his refusal to accept the fifty cents but not as to the plea of illness by which the drink was secured. Another inspector said that he came to the house a little later and bought a bottle of beer, but Russo and the three witnesses said that Russo refused to let this second man have any beer either for nothing or for money.

ON the back page was a dispatch relating that Peter Fitzback of St. Louis, Quebec, was taken violently ill at mass, was removed to a hospital and there died. A coroner's inquest showed that his death resulted from poison drink, a concoction of essence of wintergreen which he had bought and shared with two other men who became ill but did not die.

It was all very much like prohibition in the United States—except that Russo

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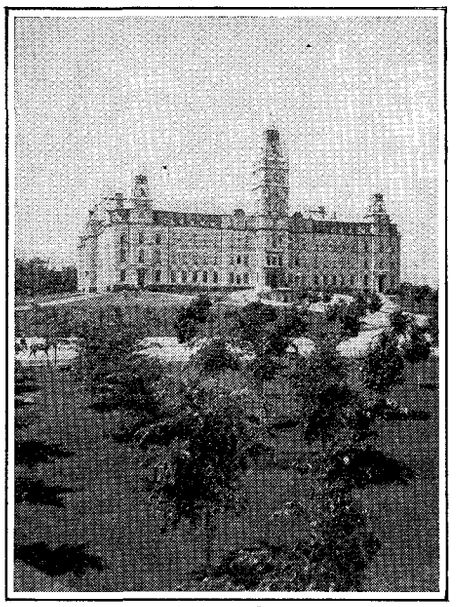


Underwood
THE PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, QUEBEC

was sentenced to prison instead of being fined.

I looked at my watch. It was 10:30 o'clock in the morning. I was ready to begin my investigation of liquor control in the Province of Quebec. The question was defined and these things admitted:

1. That good liquor does, in contravention of law, come into the hands of keepers of places of prostitution.

2. That bootlegging does go on within the knowledge of officers of the law.

3. That some enforcement officers do sometimes use despicable methods.

4. That, despite an adequate and legitimately available supply of good liquors of all kinds, men do buy and drink and die of poisonous alcoholic concotions.

Now that is the worst that I am going to say about liquor control in Quebec. Perhaps it is as bad as could be said; but the worst had best be known at the outset. And those advocates of Governmental control in the United States who believe, or profess to believe, that the liquor question ceases to be a question when a Government control law is passed had better dive no deeper here. Unless they are willing to put their thinking on a more logical basis, there is nothing here for them. Those, on the other hand, who realize the world-old fact that there is always and everywhere a liquor problem and who honestly seek a method of solving or even of compromising it to advantage —they may find something of interest in the results of an investigation hereinafter set out.

I HAVE done my best, by personal investigation and interview, to find out how the liquor control system works in the cities of Montreal and Quebec. I have observed and pried among the passengers on railroad trains. I have interviewed several upstanding men—and a few downstanding women—from various parts of the province. I am convinced that nobody thinks the system is working perfectly; but practically all agree that it is working less badly than any system previously tried. Only a few zealots favor any change in the near future. The great majority believe that, as a compromise and under the circumstances, it offers the best way of handling the problem that can be devised for Quebec. Many conservative persons say that it has not yet been sufficiently tried, that the next few years may tell a better or a worse story than the one thus far told, that there are some indications both ways at this moment. Meanwhile, most people are content to let it do its best. No political party now opposes it. Liquor may not be out of politics but the liquor question, for the moment, is.

I am going to try to state briefly the essential features of a law which fills fifty-six printed pages.

This is the Liquor Control Act of 1921 which modifies but does not repeal the Temperance Act of much earlier enactment. Much of the Province of Quebec, therefore, is still under what may be called local option.

The Quebec Liquor Commission consists of five persons appointed by the Lieutenant Governor in Council. It is vested with authority to buy and sell the spirituous liquors that are legitimately bought and sold in the Province. Wines and malt liquors bought from it may be re-sold under certain conditions, and beer may be, under permit from the Commission, sold in bottles directly by brewers to grocers.

The Commission is authorized to establish liquor stores where there is a demand for them and where the law permits their existence. From these stores it may sell at any price it fixes one bottle of liquor to a person regardless of the size of the bottle. The largest bottle is the imperial quart.

Such stores may be established only in cities and towns and none may be established, first, in towns in which a prohibition law is in force applying either to the town or to the county as a whole; second, in towns of less than 5,000 population unless request is made by the town council and approved by a majority of the qualified voters, and, third, in towns of more than 5,000 population where the council has requested that no store be established.

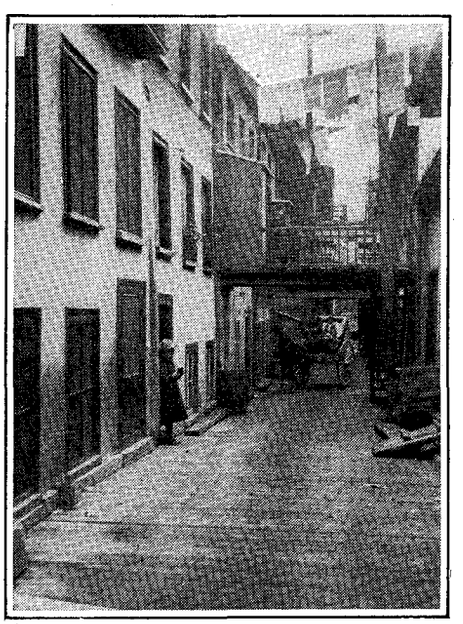
These stores may do business on week days from 9 o'clock in the morning until 6 o'clock in the evening, on Saturdays from 9 to 1, and not at all on Sundays, election days and holidays both sacred and secular.

HOTELS, restaurants, dining cars and steamboats have the right to serve wine and beer with meals, except on Sundays and holidays, from 8 AM. to 10 PM. In the larger cities hotels having a certain number of rooms may serve such drinks with meals on Sundays and holidays from noon to 10 PM.

Taverns in cities and towns are licensed to sell beer to be drunk on the premises between 8 AM. and 11 PM., but must be closed on Sundays and holidays. Tavern license cannot be granted in any town where a prohibition law is in force, or in towns where no such law is in force, if the municipal council has objected. The Commission may refuse, without assigning cause, to grant any particular application for tavern license and, by refunding a certain part of the fee, may revoke any such license at any time.

Grocers are licensed to sell beer by the bottle, not to be drunk on the premises. The same limitations apply as to tavern licenses.

Bona fide clubs are permitted to serve liquor from supplies kept in private lockers of members.



Underwood
AN OLD STREET IN QUEBEC

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Special permits are granted for serving liquor at banquets.

Hospitals, druggists, doctors, midwives, dentists and veterinarians are permitted to buy liquor in larger quantities than one bottle for legitimate medicinal uses.

Liquor is not to be sold, either by the liquor stores or any one authorized by them, to a person under eighteen years of age, to any keeper or inmate of a disorderly house, to a person who has been convicted of drunkenness or of any offense caused by drunkenness, or to an interdicted person. The Commission may interdict any person who habitually drinks liquor to excess or who, for other reason assigned by husband or wife or other relative or by curé or pastor or mayor of the place, is shown to be not a fit person to have liquor.

Such, in respect to what it permits and what it prohibits, is the Quebec Liquor Control Law. It permits much. It forbids much. By reason of both, it makes many opportunities for its own violation. To Americans whose sole source of supply is the bootlegger, it may seem to confer large liberty in the acquisition of drink. By regulation and revocation and fine and imprisonment, it does about all that can be done by law to prevent abuses in the acquisition of liquor.

THE Commission is given very large discretionary powers in many directions. One of them, when you come upon it suddenly in the law, is startling. Thus:

"The Commission may, at its discretion, refuse to make any sale of alcoholic liquor except for religious purposes."

The Quebec Liquor Control Law is a permissive prohibition law with full authority vested in five men. Those men could tomorrow outlaw the sale of liquor in all Quebec. That may have the look of putting too much arbitrary authority in the hands of too few men. But I believe that in this matter of discretionary power more than in any other feature of the law, Quebec has evolved a system of liquor regulation which will work. The Commission has almost full discretion all up and down the line. It may, if it sees fit, reduce the number of beer taverns or put them out of business completely. It may make spirits dear and wine cheap, or wine dear and spirits cheap, if one or the other would promote observance of the law and of temperance. It may close any liquor store at any time. It might interdict, if it saw fit, a very considerable proportion of the population of Quebec. Finally, it has the big gun behind the door in that it can make Quebec legally dry any day that it sees fit to do so.

With such powers, the Quebec Liquor Commission has been running the liquor business of the Province for seven years. It is too short a time to give a real test to any law or system of liquor regulation; in the language of those who prove and disprove things by statistics, the curve is not long enough. To illustrate, take the matter of arrests for drunkenness in the city of Montreal. For the year before control came into effect, they averaged over 600 a month. During the first year of control they dropped to 525, the second year to 375, the third year to 300. During the fourth year, they rose again to 325, during the fifth year to 350, in the sixth year dropped again to 225. Then, during the seventh year—last year—they popped up again to 425.

The enemies of control—there are still plenty of them in the province—declare now that it is a failure, and the Commission itself says: "Only the future can tell if we are in the presence of an accidental and transient phenomenon or if this situation is destined to last."

I mention this only because friends and foes of control are mightily concerned about it. I do not think it indicates anything. It might be entirely accounted for by an improvement in enforcement conditions or by a temporary fit of zeal on the part of the police, or even, in large measure, by an unusually thirsty bunch of American boosters. I suppose that it gratifies one side and alarms the others in Quebec because the history of liquor laws is that they work pretty well until the violators have time to perfect their tricks. It was somewhat so with State prohibition in most of our States that tried it, and it has been so with National prohibition. One can excuse the Quebec Commission for being a bit jumpy.

PERSONALLY, I attach a great deal more importance to an interview I had with an old police reporter. "It's just about ruined me," he complained. "There used to be a good police story in Montreal every night and now there is hardly ever a real good one. There are not even any new faces in the Recorder's Court. They had the same damned old drunk up there for the one hundred and second time yesterday—really."

I pointed out to him that he had proved too much—that if the law were enforced this man would have been interdicted long ago. "Well," he replied, "the old fool is interdicted. But I have proved too much, anyhow. He gets his booze from the blind pigs, of which there are twenty-five, for all I know—in sight of this window."

There are plenty of "blind pigs" in Montreal. Nobody denies it. Beautiful "blind pigs" for the socially elect who will drink late, bestial blind pigs for the riff raff who must drink cheap. The beautiful ones sell good liquor from the Government stores, the bestial ones something very like our "white mule," though I think it is a little thicker and more sirupy. It is made by moonshiners, of course.

How do the good ones get liquor from the stores? There are numerous Government liquor stores in Montreal and I think one man could get a bottle from every one of them the same day—say fifty quarts within business hours. I was told by both friends and foes of the Commission that a man can get several bottles from the same store at the same time by the simple expedient of dropping back to the foot of the line and coming through to the window time and time again. One man declares that he saw a truck loaded in that way by four men.

Keepers of disorderly houses get it, I am told, in the same way. Madame does not go down herself to buy. She sends a man. The Commission has found it imposisble to prevent such sales and has resorted to the padlocking provision of the law. However, this is not too strictly enforced. Unless a place gets pretty tough, I am informed, it is not molested.

All this notwithstanding, the Quebec Liquor Commission is diligently trying to entice its people away from strong drink and—since that is the route away from spirits—toward wines and beer. How much it has accomplished along this line I do not know. The latest report shows that the consumption of wine and beer has increased, but I am not able to find any figures as to whether the consumption of spirits has increased, decreased or remained steady. Such figures mean little, anyway.

(Please turn to page 872)

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The Red Thread in the Mexican Maze

By MARCELO VILLEGAS

The author takes up the record of the revolutionary movement in Mexico in this second article of his series, at the point where he left his first article, last week, with the situation created by the retirement of President Diaz.

By a typographical error, his pen-name as it appeared in last week's issue was spelled incorrectly.

AFTER the first triumph of the revolution in Mexico, Madero's character determined the first course of events. De la Barra, as President *ad interim*, either because he could not help it or because it seemed the quickest way to establish a government, let Madero dictate all appointments and policies.

Madero's inexperience, his wild theories, and his willingness to compromise spelled the wreck of his administration before it was begun. He realized that his popularity was waning because of the excesses of the "Liberator Army," and that unless something was done to impose the revolutionary will upon the country, his opponent in the presidential campaign, General Bernardo Reyes, would be elected. So, instead of exerting his influence in favor of peace, he kept the insurrection alive to serve his own political ends, and went so far as to compel the President to stop military operations against Zapata, a bandit chieftain who had driven out of the State of Morelos the white population and destroyed the sugar industry.

"La Porra," literally "The Blackjack," organized by Gustavo Madero, a brother of Francisco, as a weapon of terrorism, spread suspicion and distrust throughout the country.

Notwithstanding that the 63,000,000 pesos which Diaz had accumulated had been "used to pay off the Liberator Army," the war of the revolutionaries against peaceful people and the looting of their property continued, and entire regions were devastated.

In the meantime the I.W.W. organized in California and Arizona groups of armed men and sent them into Lower California to set up there the first Red Republic. These groups assaulted and took the small town of Tia Juana, just south of the border, but were soon expelled by Federal forces.

When the Presidential election came, "The Blackjack" terrorized the partisans of General Reyes and stoned Reyes himself at a political meeting. So Madero was left the only candidate, and was elected "unanimously" President of the Republic.

ALTHOUGH one of the shibboleths of the revolution had been "Effective Suffrage," out of a population of more than 15,000,000, Madero polled a total vote of 19,989.* Madero began his official administration as President on November 5, 1911.

The program of the revolution was purely destructive and negative; and because among its leaders there was an absolute lack of constructive minds, when it was transformed into government it became a force without direction or purpose. In a few weeks the treasury was bankrupt; all the branches of the administration were disorganized; credit and confidence were gone. The flow of foreign capital was stopped and that already invested was being withdrawn.

Madero had promised the people that, through democracy, Mexico would experience a wonderful transformation, and that upon the accession of the chief of the revolution to the presidency, happiness for everybody would ensue. Instead, the peace, order, liberty and prosperity which had come under Diaz, disappeared. The new authorities, civil and military, raised from the ranks of the revolutionaries, were crude, corrupt and insolent; the "revolutionary army" was undisciplined, rapacious and cruel. The Congress inherited from the Diaz administration was opposing Madero and bitterly attacking his Cabinet. The newspapers of the largest circulation and influence were criticizing the inefficiency of the Executive.

The Federal Army, now the sole support of Madero, was becoming tired of its costly efforts to keep at bay the forces of unrest. Madero, far from realizing the situation, abased and insulted the army by promoting over the heads of the regulars trained to the highest standards of discipline, inexperienced and disreputable revolutionaries.

Furthermore, as lives and property of foreigners were being destroyed, President Taft sent word to Madero that as long as he was in the White House, he would disregard the clamor for armed intervention, but that foreigners must not suffer through the inefficiency of the Mexican government.*

Through this gathering storm, Madero lived in a fool's paradise. He talked incessantly of the evils of the Diaz "dictatorship" and exalted the benefits of democracy and liberty brought by the revolution. But the masses always fix responsibilities upon some individual. The Mexicans soon accused Madero of the authorship of all their ills. After a few months in the Presidency he was the most unpopular man in Mexico.

EARLY in the spring of 1912, Pascual Orozco openly revolted against the Government. Starting in Chihuahua, he was able to gain some advantages over the first government troops sent against him and to advance toward the center of the republic. Madero, greatly alarmed, ordered the Secretary of War to take command of the Federal forces and to oppose Orozco's advance. The rebels and Federals met at Rallano, north of Torreon; the Federals were defeated; and their commander committed suicide in humiliation.

It was necessary then to organize new forces and to appoint as commander the strongest general in the army, Victoriano Huerta. In a few weeks he defeated Orozco and drove him into Texas. The government at Washington helped Madero by decreeing an embargo on arms and munitions. But the condition of the country made peace impossible.

In the month of October of the same

*Ambassador Henry Lane Wilson before the Senate Committee investigating Mexican relations. S. Res. 106, page 2256.

*Un Decemo de Politica Mexicana. M. Calero N. Y., 1920.

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year (1912), Felix Diaz, a nephew of the exiled President, led a new revolt at Vera Cruz. By a resort to deceit, this rebellion was suffocated and its leader sent to the military prison at Mexico City.

By January, 1913, the situation was hopeless. The prediction of the military attaché of the American Embassy, Captain W. W. Burnside, to the effect that "it was only a question of time when patience would be exhausted and the regular force would give its support to a change of administration, believing, outside of personal advantage, this to be the only means of avoiding the complete demoralization of Mexico," was to become a reality.*

So, at the end of fifteen months as President, Madero found himself unable to fasten the wild beasts he had loosed. He stood alone, pathetic in his impotence. The end was at hand.

In the small hours of February 9, 1913, Generals Bernardo Reyes and Felix Diaz, who had been imprisoned in Mexico City as rebel leaders, were released by revolting soldiers of a crack regiment and Military School cadets. With these forces Reyes attacked the National Palace, and Feliz Diaz the citadel, in the heart of the city, which contained most of the arms and munitions of the Government.

Reyes was killed and his column beaten off; Diaz, after a short combat, took the citadel and fortified his forces there.

To suppress the uprising the government brought troops from various parts of the republic as quickly as rail transport permitted and put them under the command of General Victoriano Huerta.

Eight thousand persons, mostly noncombatants, were killed in the attacks, counter-attacks, assaults, bombardments and street fighting which ensued between the 9th and the 18th of February. One third of the city was badly damaged. As the days passed, Felix Diaz steadily advanced his lines, extending the danger zone. On the seventh day the diplomatic corps decided that the representatives of the United States, Great Britain, Spain and France should urge Madero to relieve the situation.

Madero informed them that General Blanquet would arrive the next day and that the revolution would then be quickly suppressed. Blanquet arrived, but halted his troops at the outskirts of the city because his soldiers were reluctant to fight their comrades.

What transpired between Huerta and Blanquet during these critical hours was never disclosed; both are dead. On February 18th a detachment of Blanquet's troops quietly replaced the guard in charge of the Palace, and two officers followed by a few soldiers came to tell Madero that he must resign in order to avoid more bloodshed. These officers were killed by some of Madero's armed friends; the soldiers returned the fire, and confusion ensued.

Underwood

VICTORIANO HUERTA

Madero escaped unharmed, but was arrested as he was leaving the Palace.

With the arrest of Madero hostilities ceased, but the situation was uncertain and dangerous. Huerta, Diaz and Blanquet were asked by the Ambassador of the United States to meet him in conference, which they did. "There were three actual breaks," reported the Ambassador, "but by persuasion and by threat they were finally brought to agree, and they signed an agreement and a proclamation turning over their powers to Congress."

Madero and Pino Suarez, the Vice-President, immediately resigned; and on acceptance of their resignation by Congress, Lascurain, the Secretary of Foreign Affairs, became automatically President *ad interim*. Lascurain appointed General Huerta Secretary of the Interior and then resigned, thus converting Huerta into President *ad interim*.

Whether the resignations of Madero and Pino Suarez were voluntary or compulsory, they were received and accepted by Congress in the same manner as those of their predecessors, Porfirio Diaz and Ramon Corral, and the procedure was strictly in accordance with the Constitution. Therefore Huerta's accession to the Presidency was in every sense legal.

Whether Huerta seized the power or it was thrust by circumstances into his hands, it was only natural that in the reaction of a sobered people against the "democratic drunkenness" and anarchy of a revolution without definite aim, government should fall into the strongest hands ready to grasp its responsibilities. Those hands were undeniably the hands of Huerta. He took the oath of office as President before Congress in the late hours of February 19, 1913. That date is all-important in understanding what followed.

Madero and Pino Suarez had continued as prisoners in the Palace. Legally replaced, they were but private citizens. Members of the diplomatic corps, prominent Mexicans, and some of Madero's family asked Huerta to release the prisoners and allow them to leave the republic. Huerta readily assented and gave orders to provide transportation and safe conduct to Vera Cruz. A few hours later a telegram was intercepted, sent by one of Madero's family to General Velasco, chief of the Federal military forces at Vera Cruz, urging him to intercept the train, rescue Madero and restore him to power. Naturally the order to release the prisoners was cancelled.

The diplomatic corps then urged Huerta to transfer Madero and Pino Suarez to more comfortable quarters. On the night of February 22nd they were escorted by their guard to two automobiles for transfer to the penitentiary, which is in the outskirts of the city. A few yards from the entrance to the penitentiary the prisoners were killed by bullets.

The official version was that friends of Madero attacked the automobiles in an attempt to rescue him, and a fight ensued in which many shots were fired and the prisoners were killed.

*S. Res 106, page 2262.

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The enemies of Huerta immediately accused him of responsibility for a hideous assassination. Huerta always denied any participation in the crime, or any previous knowledge of a plot. His enemies never produced convincing evidence of his guilt.

In the absence of direct proof, it is necessary to weigh the circumstantial evidence. Huerta was not a fool nor did he lack learning. He knew that the killing of Madero could not improve his own position, while it was certain to make a martyr of Madero and cause no end of trouble for Huerta's administration. Huerta also knew that Madero, once in exile, could have very little influence in Mexico. So, why kill him?

HUERTA was not the crude, repulsive Indian pictured to the United States by revolutionary propagandists. He was a Mestizo, of mixed Spanish and Indian blood, of medium height and strong build. He carried himself as a soldier. His features denoted energy and intelligence. He was polite, sympathetic and magnetic. As an officer of the army he was so efficient that even his enemies credit him with being an organizer, a disciplinarian and a man of remarkable courage.

The problem for Huerta, as it is for every Mexican President, was recognition, first by the army, second by the Mexican States, and third by the United States. With the army there was no trouble; the leaders of the Federal forces welcomed return to discipline. The governors of the States, realizing that public opinion had turned from revolution to peace and order, promptly recognized him, except those of Coahuila and Sonora, which did not refuse, but procrastinated for different motives.

Venustiano Carranza, Governor of Coahuila, needed to drive a bargain in order to save himself from official investigation; while Jose Maitorena, Governor of Sonora, was afraid of the radicals who encircled him.

Huerta was recognized as President of Mexico by all nations, including the United States, although some of them did not answer the autographic letter which he addressed to them in accordance with diplomatic usage. The nations ignoring Huerta's letter were the United States, Argentina, Brazil, Chile, and Cuba. The three South American republics withheld replies at the direct request of the United States, and Cuba did so either in imitation or because the Cuban Minister to Mexico, a personal friend of Madero, so advised his government.

The object of the United States in withholding plenary recognition to Huerta was to compel him to settle five pending questions:

1. The Chamizal claims affecting titles to lands, formerly in Mexican territory, thrown on the northern side of the boundary by a shifting of the bed of the Rio Grande and now a part of the city of El Paso.

2. The rights of citizens of the United States to protect their property from inundation by controlling the waters of the Colorado River.

3. The Tlahualilo claims, advanced by cotton planters deprived illegally of their water rights in the Nazas River, States of Durango and Coahuila.

4. The damages growing out of the revolution, for which the Mexican Government was responsible under international law.

5. The damages growing out of the revolution, where international amity, not international law, must be invoked.

Huerta agreed in principle to a settlement of the first four groups of claims, but he was reluctant to pay the damages which were not strictly within international law. He contended that if he made these concessions to the United States, he must do likewise for all other foreigners and for Mexicans, and that the losses had been so great that the claims would swamp the government.*

IT is a mere quibble to say that Huerta was not recognized by the United States because his autographic letter was not answered. The Ambassador of the United States congratulated Huerta upon his accession, and in the interest of peace and for the protection of foreigners and their property, instructed Consuls throughout Mexico to exert their influence with Governors and other Mexican local authorities in behalf of Huerta's recognition. The Ambassador's action was later approved by the State Department. The Ambassador dealt for months with Huerta as head of the Mexican Government, and so did, following him, the chargé d'affaires. Likewise the Government of the United States recognized Huerta's chargé d'affaires in Washington as "Representative of Mexico," as may be seen in the Bulletin of the State Department. These diplomatic relations existed between the two Governments until formally severed, fourteen months after Huerta's accession to the Presidency, when forces from the United States occupied Vera Cruz and each Government gave the chargé d'affaires of the other his passport.

These facts of diplomatic history

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*S. Res 106.

Underwood

THE CATHEDRAL, MEXICO CITY

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Rating the Presidents

Campaign Reflections, Past and Present

By LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT

THOSE who are disturbed by allegations that bigotry, partisanship and a whispering gallery are peculiar characteristics of the present presidential campaign may perhaps get a little encouragement by reviewing some of the minor incidents of past presidential struggles.

I have been reflecting a little on the twelve presidential contests in which I have participated as a voter, for I cast my first vote for Garfield in 1880. My recollections, however, run still further back. I can distinctly recall some of the picturesque features of the Grant-Greeley campaign of '72—Thomas Nast, for instance, and his incomparable political cartoons in "Harpers Weekly." Nast's merciless caricatures of Greeley's chin whiskers and battered tall hat and long overcoat are historical. Greeley was nominated by the Democrats on a so-called reform ticket as an alleged protest against the "militarism" or "Caesarism" of Grant's first administration. One of the most telling of Nast's cartoons was a picture of the Tammany tiger chained to a wall, snarling, while Greeley was busily engaged in covering the beast with a coat of "reform white wash." I recall, too, with an amused smile how the boys of Republican heredity in my village used to sing derisively at their Democratic schoolmates a doggerel verse which was adapted to the tune of "Mother may I go out to swim":

Mother may I go out to vote?
Yes my son and freely
Put on your old white hat and coat
And vote for Horace Greeley.

In those days I literally thought it was not quite safe to meet a Democrat on the street after dark, such was the power of bigotry and partisanship immediately following the Civil War—the halcyon days of "bloody shirt" patriotism. But I got bravely over my ultra-Republican fears and voted for Cleveland in 1884 and 1892 and should have voted for him in 1888 if I had not lost my vote through unavoidable absence from my state. I returned, a tired and starving prodigal, to the Republican party in 1896, but again left it with Roosevelt in 1912. Back again I came with Hughes in 1916 and tried to atone for my irregularities by voting for Harding in 1920. The bitterness of that dose has not yet been removed from my mouth by all the antiseptics of the wholesome Coolidge administration.

THE record of my political tergiversations is, of course, of no importance except as it may indicate that this reminiscential sketch has no partisan background or purpose. It is merely an attempt to state facts. In writing his posthumously published life of Abraham Lincoln the publishers tell us that Senator Beveridge said: "Facts when justly arranged interpret themselves. They tell a story. For this purpose a little fact is as important as what is called a big fact." This is the reason why I make no apology for being anecdotal.

In spite of the gossip, bitterness and malignity which are the inevitable accompaniment of all great political contests, American presidential campaigns, even when they have not been conducted on a high plane, have produced high grade men. No European royal dynasty can compare in ability or character with the long line of men—twenty-nine of them—who, beginning with Washington, have held the office of President of the United States. Not even the Prime Ministers of England form a more illustrious group. The English have had Chatham, Pitt, Palmerston, Disraeli, Gladstone, Salisbury, among their Ministers. But we have had Washington, Adams, Jefferson, Lincoln, Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson among our Presidents. And if we may take Woodrow Wilson's own estimate of the functions of a President that officer is a combination of King and Prime Minister. In intellect and statesmanship, even in culture and scholarship, the American line stands comparison very well with the British line.

A TABLE OF PRESIDENTIAL EFFICIENCY

REPUBLICAN		DEMOCRATIC	
Washington	E	Thomas Jefferson	E
John Adams	E	James Madison	E
John Quincy Adams	E	James Monroe	E
Wm. Henry Harrison	*	Andrew Jackson	E R
Zachary Taylor	*	Martin Van Buren	M
Millard Fillmore	M	John Tyler	W
Abraham Lincoln	E	James K. Polk	W
Andrew Johnson	I	Franklin Pierce	W
General Grant	E	James Buchanan	D W
Rutherford B. Hayes	E	Grover Cleveland	E
James A. Garfield	*	Woodrow Wilson	E
Chester A. Arthur	M		
Benjamin Harrison	M		
Wm. McKinley	E		
Theodore Roosevelt	E		
William Howard Taft	M		
Warren G. Harding	C W		
Calvin Coolidge	E		

E R=Efficient but rough; E=Efficient, although in varying degrees; M=Mediocre; W=Weak; C W=Weak in an atmosphere of corruption; I=Impotent; D W=Weak in an atmosphere of disloyalty; *=Died too soon after inauguration to make a record.

AT first thought this is a little surprising. Since the nomination of General Zachary Taylor we have been accustomed to having candidates for office selected because of their "availability," their skill in "spellbinding," their popularity with this or that group of voters or with this or that section of the country, their good standing in the "organization," etc., etc. But in the early days of the Republic our Presidents were chosen not for partisan reasons primarily but because they were the "fathers" of the country. Washington, Adams, Jefferson and Madison were all leaders in the Revolution. The country naturally turned to them as the leaders of political construction and administration. It was not until 1829 with the inauguration of Andrew Jackson that presidential partisanship as we understand it sprang full fledged into being, for Jackson was the sponsor for that delightful and exhilarating political motto, "To the victors belong the spoils," or, to put it in the modern paraphrase of Bossy Gillis, tabloid mayor of Newburyport, "Those who get in get the gravy."

BUT it will not do to set down Jackson as merely a spoilsman, or as a narrow-minded radical because he de-

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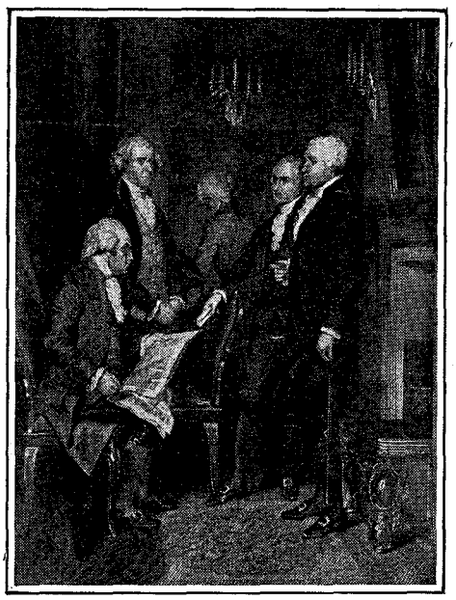
stroyed the United States Bank, the principle of which was fortunately to be revived eighty years later by his political descendant, Woodrow Wilson. Jackson performed a great patriotic service in scotching and suppressing the Nullification Ordinance of South Carolina. He was so ardent a Union man that he is reported to have said on his death-bed: "The only mistake of my political life is that I did not hang John C. Calhoun," Calhoun having been the great proponent of the right of a state to secede from the Federal Union. No less a Republican than the late Senator Beveridge, the eminent biographer of Marshall and Lincoln, has expressed the opinion that Jackson's Proclamation against the attempted secession of South Carolina "was and to this day remains one of the foremost of state papers," and asserts that Lincoln derived from it much of the spirit and reasoning of the second Inaugural Address. Thus it is that as a wise man ripens his partisanship yields to the rule of reason; while as a small-minded man matures his youthful prejudices become *idèes fixes*. Of this psychological truth Elihu Root is an illustrious example. A strict and effective organization Republican in his active years, the historical supplanted the party viewpoint in his maturity and he could say that Governor Smith was one of the ablest and most reliable men in the New York constitutional convention of 1915, and that Cleveland was one of the most exemplary of American presidents.

From Jackson to Cleveland, that is to say from 1829 to 1885, more than half a century, spoils were the great object of political organization, although some of the Presidents elected under the spoils system, like Lincoln, struggled against it and rose above it.

A PATHETIC catastrophe in the record of the spoils system is the misfortune that befell Chester A. Arthur, who was elected to the Vice-Presidency with Garfield in 1880 and succeeded to the Presidency upon Garfield's death. Arthur was an avowed spoilsman; but on his succession the dignity and responsibilities of his office made a profound impression upon him and he failed to satisfy the "organization" in the matter of political patronage. Although his excellent record as President fully entitled him to receive the nomination in 1884 from the hands of his party, the "bosses" threw him over and nominated Mr. Blaine, who they thought would be more amenable to their pressure. Mr. Blaine was one of the very able statesmen in our political history, but although personally incorrupt it may be said of him that his associations were such as to make him unpalatable to a majority of the electorate and he was defeated by Grover Cleveland.

The whispering gallery got in its deadly work in his campaign. An indiscreet and fanatical clergyman by the name of Burchard, in a speech of congratulation to Mr. Blaine at the old Fifth Avenue Hotel of New York, spoke of the Democratic party as the party of "Rum, Romanism and Rebellion." Unfortunately for Mr. Blaine, he did not make any immediate protest, and political diagnosticians regard this alliterative epigram as the chief factor in the loss of New York State by Mr. Blaine. Cleveland was elected, undoubtedly, by the votes of a body of independents whom regular Republicans for years regarded with scorn and contumely as "mugwumps." I remember the vividness of that contest very well because I happened to be one of the "mugwumps." Cleveland appealed to the young men of his day because of his courage and his insistence that efficiency and not official patronage was the true standard of appointments to office. I have forgotten what the Democratic platform was in 1884, and I think everybody else has, but those who were the young men of that day still remember what enthusiasm was created by two brief statements of Mr. Cleveland's. He asserted that "Public office is a public trust," and that was really the platform on which he was chosen



Underwood

WASHINGTON'S FIRST CABINET

The whispering gallery was almost resonant in that campaign. Cleveland had had an illegitimate child. When asked by his managers how they should meet the charge that his early life had been irregular in this respect, he bluntly answered, "Tell the truth." With Cleveland these phrases were not mere aphorisms. He practiced them and they made him unpopular with Tammany which, in those days at least, was not greatly enamored of them. So he was defeated in 1888 by General Harrison, a man of very high character and an upright, political record, but whose personality was so cold that one of his own party, to whom he had curtly refused a political favor, bitterly remarked one day on coming out of the White House, "That man can sweat ice-water in August."

In spite of the discontent of Tammany and of the Jacksonian Democrats in the South, who had more faith in the fundamentalist creed of their party that "To the victors belong the spoils" than in the new fangled doctrine that "Public office is public trust," the Democratic organization had to renominate Cleveland in 1892, and he was triumphantly elected.

Cleveland, however, was a conservative, and the radical element in the Democratic Party, especially in the West, had now gotten into the saddle. In 1896 William Jennings Bryan, a young Congressman from Nebraska, who had a remarkable oratorical gift, was unexpectedly nominated by the Democrats on a free silver platform. He was not nominated because of any intellectual reasoning in that platform but, like Cleveland in 1884, because of an epigrammatic phrase. In the Democratic convention Bryan, a young and comparatively unknown delegate, made an impassioned attack upon the gold standard of our National financial system. He concluded his oration with this famous peroration, "You shall not press down upon the brow of labor this crown of thorns—you shall not crucify mankind upon a cross of gold." His nomination followed by acclamation.

MCKINLEY was nominated by the Republicans on a gold platform. The campaign of that summer had not been surpassed for bitter feeling in a presidential year since the Civil War, nor has it been in this respect surpassed since, for not even over prohibition do men get more heated than over their

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pocketbooks. I was playing golf on a Long Island course on the day when the news came of Bryan's nomination. I did not agree with his monetary theories, but I knew something of his record in Congress, and I said quite naturally to my golf companion: "He's a good man," meaning that he was a man of character and sincerity. I was almost physically thrown off the golf course. It is still my opinion that Bryan was a man of character and sincerity. His trouble was that he had a better heart than mind. Those who think that Woodrow Wilson's name ought to be coupled with the names of Washington and Lincoln should be grateful to the memory of Bryan, for without his courage and indefatigable work in the Baltimore Convention in 1912 Mr. Wilson would have never been nominated.

Bryan's mind was singularly child-like. I can recall no man in American public life who so innocently as he has endeavored to make the worse appear the better reason. He could straddle a political question and yet honestly think he was striding towards its solution. During one of his campaigns, when the railway question was acute in this country, he came back from Europe and proposed, in Madison Square Garden, as a solution to the problem, that interstate railways should be owned and operated by the Government and intrastate railways owned and operated by private capital, thus believing he was satisfying the supporters of each of the two policies. In one of his famous moral lectures in defense of the scientific reasonableness of miracles he said, "They tell us that miracles are incredible because they are suspensions of the laws of Nature. But we are all the time suspending the laws of Nature." Here, picking up an inkstand full of ink in front of him, and holding it out on his extended palm, he added impressively, "I am now suspending the law of gravitation." Neither he nor his audience appeared to realize that but for the law of gravitation the inkstand and the ink would have flown from his open palm to the uttermost parts of the auditorium.

AVAILABILITY or vote-getting power is, of course, a *sine qua non* in any election, but the standards of availability vary from time to time according to the whims, prejudices or supposed shrewdness of the political managers. During and following the Civil War both parties seized upon military glory as a device for attracting the voters whose ballots are tickets to the spoilsmen's feast. Indeed, the military bait was first used by the political anglers after the Mexican War. Zachary Taylor was elected on a Whig ticket in 1848 as a hero of that war. General Winfield Scott was nominated by the Whigs in 1852 as a Mexican hero, but was defeated by the Democrat, Franklin Pierce, who was also an officer in the Mexican War. In 1856 General Fremont, a dashing soldier, was nominated by the newly born Republican party, but defeated by the Democratic civilian, James Buchanan. In 1864 the Democrats nominated General George B. McClellan, "little Mac," with whom they hoped to beat Lincoln. General McClellan was widely considered to be disloyal to Lincoln, if not to his country, and his candidacy tarnished his name. He received only twenty-one electoral votes, the worst presidential defeat in our history, except that of Mr. Taft, who in 1912 had only eight. McClellan's candidacy did, however, add lustre to Lincoln's nobility of character, for it was the occasion of one of the extraordinary manifestations of Lincoln's pure and patient patriotism. In the summer of 1864 Lincoln believed that he was going to be defeated by McClellan, and he wrote a memorandum stating what his course would be in such an event, sealed it in the presence of his Cabinet, and had them write their names upon the back of the unread paper. After his triumphant election, he called his Cabinet together and asked his secretary, John Hay, to open the paper, which was found to read as follows:

Executive Mansion,
Washington, Aug. 23, 1864

This morning, as for some days past, it seems exceedingly probable that this Administration will not be re-elected. Then it will be my duty to so co-operate with the President elect as to save the Union between the election and the inauguration; as he will have secured his election on such ground that he cannot possibly save it afterwards.

A. Lincoln

If the Democrat, Buchanan, had co-operated with the Republican, Lincoln, in this way between November, 1860, and March, 1861, it is possible that the Civil War might have been averted.

IN 1868 and '72 General Grant was elected on his military record and proved that he was a better soldier than executive. His standards of personal honor and integrity were high, as his conduct in the disastrous Grant and Ward failure shows, but his political judgment was not equal to his military skill in estimating men. Hence he was surrounded and often hoodwinked by spoilsmen of his own party. In spite of some painful scandals, his administration was far from being a weak or mediocre one, especially as it took the

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Underwood

THE CAPITOL FROM THE AIR

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Flying North

By VILHJALMUR STEFANSSON

IT is always good news that brave men are safe after a difficult adventure, so there was wide rejoicing when the news came from Greenland that Hassel and Cramer were in touch with civilization. That they were safe and would turn up eventually had, of course, been expected since the wireless told us, the morning after they left Cochrane, Ontario, that they had been seen flying over a trading village on the west Greenland coast.

When once the flyers had been sighted in Greenland, we awaited the news of their safety with humanitarian rather than practical interest. Their navigation had evidently been at fault, but this has happened over the Atlantic near the Azores, over the Pacific near the Hawaiis, over the United States, and over France; it is an accident or a human failing peculiar to no latitude. The people watching from the ground could also tell that the airmen were finding it either difficult or impossible to recognize the particular place, but this was merely because they had not been in Greenland before. That they had lost their way by three hundred miles and had flown the ocean in a curve, made the ocean crossing wider than necessary and the triumph, so far as overcoming natural difficulties is concerned, that much greater.

This would have been more true the greater the difficulties. That there were no special difficulties, Hassel's report now shows, for the average condition of his weather reads as if it had been better than the average weather condition on the Newfoundland-Ireland route as reported by the various trans-Atlantic flyers.

That Hassel did not know where he was after reaching land, but searched about till he almost got back to where he should have first landed, was at least as much of a triumph for his coolness and common sense as landing there originally would have been for his navigation.

And then, says Hassel, when he knew his gasoline was about to give out, he turned his plane away from the icefree sea, flew across the belt of icefree land that is about a hundred miles wide on much of this part of the coast, and struggled toward the inland ice as the one goal of safety. That showed his mettle, for many flyers who, like Hassel, are strangers to the ice, seem to dread it almost as much as the commentators do who write about the flyers for the papers.

Hassel had been told that his safety lay on the ice and, without ever having seen it before, he was still able to understand that this was true. Such ability to learn from precept how to face and utilize a new and strange condition is genius, or not far from it.

Hassel flew for the ice, escaped from the grassy but rough coastland with his last gasoline, and made a perfect landing on the glacier.

It may have been a narrow escape, for had the gas been exhausted too near the edge of the ice, he would have been among crevasses. When he was down safely, he had to recross that crevassed belt, this time on foot, to get back to the grassy lands and to the coast. Here it was serious that he knew only approximately, not exactly, where he was. For the Greenland coast has narrow fjords that wriggle far inland; if you go five miles out of your way and get down on the wrong side of your fjord, you may have a hundred extra miles to walk to get to the place you want to reach and can see abreast of you.

JUST this happened to Hassel. From its happening we learned, too, that the radio can be a source of danger no less than of safety. For Hobbs had figured out correctly that this was where Hassel would most likely return to the coast after having gone to the inland ice for a safe landing. So he established a depot, and maintained it till he heard by wireless that the plane had been seen 300 miles farther south, with the inference that a landing had been made on the inland ice abreast of there. That wrong inference based on a right radio caused Hobbs to change his previous right inference formed without the radio, and he withdrew his station. This came near plunging Hassel into serious difficulty, if not tragedy, for the same 300-miles-away report had led Hobbs to think there was no use waiting anywhere in that vicinity and he was about to sail for America.

It was luck that passing Eskimos saw Hassel's smoke and carried the news to Hobbs before he sailed away. But for that, the two flyers would have had to walk to a settlement. They could have made it, probably, but only at great cost.

The reports are now that the plane was abandoned a hundred miles from the coast, so far that it does not seem practical to fetch it. The center of Greenland is calm, and it may fairly be said that no strong wind ever blows there; but the coast belt is stormy, especially just on the edge of the ice where the landing was made, so the plane may have turned many a somersault since it was abandoned and is probably broken now. It is a pity, in a way, for it had done good pioneer work; it is a pity the flyers have to come home for a fresh start, for they were past the debated section of their journey. But the journey is a success, nevertheless, for it already draws forcibly to public attention the conclusion of the scientists that the more northerly routes are safer, because the ocean arms to be crossed are much narrower.

The popular notion that northern flights have special aeronautical difficulties has tended to keep the airplane and airship back from their particular job, which is to travel straight where railways detour to avoid water,

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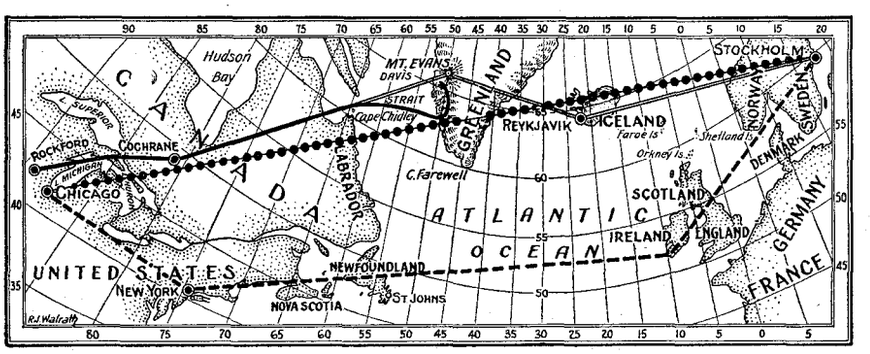

Black line shows Hassel's route to Greenland. Parallel lines show Hassel's projected route Heavy dotted line shows "Great Circle Route." Dash line is Newfoundland Route

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The World This Week

Maine, the Barometer

Says the traditionalist, "As Maine goes, so goes the country."

Says the parodist, with his usual cynical smirk, "As Maine goes, so goes not Mississippi."

Both are, from one angle, right and, from the other angle, equally wrong. As of the day on which the Maine election was held, the former was probably all right and the latter all wrong. On that day the country probably would have gone, as Maine did, and Mississippi doubtless would have turned out, as Maine did, a larger Republican vote than usual.

Efforts wholly to discredit Maine as a barometer have not been successful. In 1920, Professor Irving Fisher applied the science of statistics to the task of proving that the Maine result did not indicate a nation-wide drift from the Democratic to the Republican party. Yet the November election was a Republican landslide.

Maine is a barometer but, like other barometers, it must be read with due allowance for upsets. And this year political meteorology is more unsettled than it has been before for a generation, perhaps for a century.

Usually, the issues that interest Maine are the same issues that interest the country as a whole but the situation is largely otherwise this time.

The farm problem which rends the bedrock of Republicanism over so large a part of the country hardly exists in Maine.

The new cleavage between city and country hardly extends to Maine because there are no large cities in that State.

The revulsion against prohibition is felt but mildly in Maine because it was prohibition-minded long before the coming of the Eighteenth Amendment.

Finally, the trend of campaigns is usually fairly well discerned by the early days of September because personalities commonly make but slight impression upon campaigns. This time there is a dynamic personality in the equation and its impact upon the country is but now beginning.

Maine is a barometer—but it does not always rain when the barometer is all set that way. Wind as well as wetness determines precipitation.

Hoover Sentimentalists

An astounding decision has been made by—or for—Mr. Hoover. In the year when his party has the best chance in its history of breaking the solid South, the candidate's one speech in the South is to be made in a remote mountain town—Elizabethton, Tennessee. Until the recent industrial awakening shook it by the nape, Elizabethton had but a few hundred population. It has but a few thousand now. Until quite recently the only railroad was a narrow gauge. Hotel accommodations are extremely scant—just enough for drummers and the like. Slight hope can exist for making converts there because nearly all of the voters roundabout, both in Tennessee and North Carolina, are Republican.

Practical reasons for the selection of Elizabethton are nil. The Republicans must be sentimental this year. Elizabethton is the abiding place of the largest single chunk of Tennessee's political sentiment. In Elizabethton—or in Happy Valley in the familiar local phrase—lives Alfred A. Taylor, on the upward side of eighty, a Republican ex-Governor. There, forty years ago, lived he and his brother, Robert Love Taylor, when, in Tennessee's "War of the Roses" still of redolent memory, they opposed each other for the Governorship on the Republican and Democratic tickets. "Bob," the Democrat, won. "Alf," the Republican, lectured, went to Congress a time or two, held Federal appointments and, after thirty-five years when "Bob" was dead, attained the Governorship of Tennessee as a Republican.

"Bob" and "Alf" still are names to conjure with in Tennessee. Mr. Hoover, in their home town, can do much with those names—if he knows how. Democrats love "Old Alf" for his own and for "Bob's" sake; Republicans revere the memory of "Bob" for his own and for "Alf's" sake. If he can muster a sentimental glow, Mr. Hoover may go far by his comments upon the fact that, despite political differences, these big-hearted, sentimental brothers attained the Governorship. And he may appeal further to Tennessee pride by remembering the fact that it has had three sets of Governor brothers—William and Wylie Blount, Neil S. and John C. Brown, "Bob" and "Alf" Taylor.

"Constitutional" Democrats

Disaffected Democrats from seventeen States met in Memphis and organized the National Constitutional Democratic Committee. With George Fort Milton, publisher of the Chattanooga News, as spokesman, they told the public that the Constitutional Democrats regard Governor Smith as a bolter from his party; that, believing in the principles of the Democratic party, they will do all in their power to defeat Smith, wrest the machinery from the control of Tammany Hall and "rededicate the party of Andrew Jackson to battle for the preservation of the Constitution and the maintenance of the integrity of Federal laws."

It goes without saying that the Constitutional Democrats are dry Democrats. It is to be presumed that their organization will work closely with that formed, under the leadership of Bishop Cannon, at the Asheville Conference two months earlier. The Memphis organization is less preacheristic than the one formed at Asheville and covers somewhat more territory, but the objects of the two appear to be identical.

Is Texas Two States?

With fists flying and noses bleeding, three hundred anti-Smithites bolted the Democratic State Convention at Dallas. The percentage of them that were duly accredited delegates is in dispute; only five county delegations were solidly anti-Smith. Governor Dan Moody, titular leader of the party in the State, did not bolt but remained in the "regular" convention to insist upon a bone dry plank in the State platform.

In the crisis, leadership among the "regulars" appears to have reverted to former United States Senator Joseph W. Bailey, who has been practically out of politics for years. Perhaps this fact,

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Kirby in the N. Y. World

"AIN'T SHE CUTE?"

more than the number of the bolters, reveals the serious side of the split. Its full significance, or insignificance, is not yet apparent outside of Texas and probably will not be until the votes are counted on November 7.

If bitterness is both as deep and as wide as some reports indicate, it may not end with the election. One part of Texas has for some time past not loved the other part as members of the same body should. Now in the treaty by which the Republic of Texas became a State of the American Union, the right was reserved to the State of dividing its territory into two or more States. Is this row the first pains presaging the birth of a new State?

▸▸*Why Ontario Is for Hoover*

THE Province of Ontario is for Hoover. For as much of a pipeful as that makes, it may as well be smoked now. The reasons probably are various. A section of Ontario business doubtless believes that Hoover's policies would reflect upon Ontario a larger measure of stability than would Smith's. A section of Ontario's agriculture and business related to agriculture may possibly be content, for business reasons, to leave the American farmer frying in his own scant fat. Those things are to be read in the pauses of Ontario conversation. But the largest reason is the belief that Smith, if elected, would bring about changes which would permit the sale of liquor in the United States to the detriment of Ontario's tourist and export liquor trades—incidentally two among the largest of Ontario's industries for the time being.

When so few people in the United States understand the American constitution, there is no ground for expectation that a large percentage of the people of Ontario would understand it. Just as a considerable number of people in the United States believe that, despite the slowness of the process of change in the Constitution, liquor will somehow be sold very soon after Smith becomes President, so a somewhat more considerable number in Ontario believe the same thing. They see in it the ruin of Ontario's tourist trade, not to mention —as most of them do not, openly— Ontario's rum running trade.

Ding in The Pawtucket Times

THE PRESIDENT HAS TAKEN UP TARGET PRACTICE

▸▸*Prohibition Puzzles*

THE temporary padlocking of resorts before any trial has established violations of the prohibition law, has been declared illegal by Judge Thomas D. Thacher of the United States District Court in New York. In ordering twenty-six padlocks removed, he said: "To my mind this practice of depriving persons of their property without a trial is shocking."

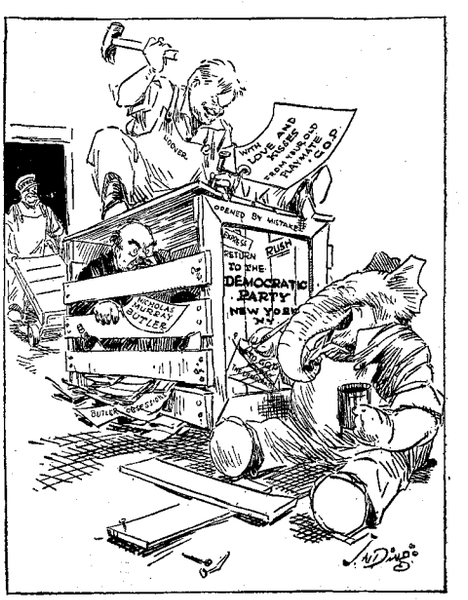
The padlocks had been fixed by order of another judge in consequence of proceedings by Assistant Attorney General Mabel Walker Willebrandt after a raid. Under the law the procedure is to enjoin the place against the sale of liquor, and then if the place sells liquor to proceed against it for contempt of court. Contempt proceedings do not require a jury trial. The judge decides whether the defendant is guilty of contempt and can order the place padlocked for a period as a penalty. This procedure seems to many to be a dangerous stretching of the powers of the court. But it is not against this that

Sykes in the Phila. Public Ledger

CAUSE FOR ALARM

Judge Thacher protests, but against the padlocking of such places even before the judge decides that they are guilty of the offense. It is argued that contempt proceedings are so protracted that meanwhile such resorts can continue in operation or move elsewhere, and that temporary padlocking is therefore essential to effective enforcement. Judge Thacher thinks that it is inexcusable. His decision may ultimately be brought before the United States Supreme Court.

Meanwhile enforcement of prohibition has taken a new turn. The prohibition law penalizes the sale but not directly the purchase of liquor. Consequently the buyer has usually escaped prosecution. Now a Federal Grand Jury in Philadelphia has indicted an



Ding in the N. Y. Herald Tribune

THE REPUBLICANS CAN AFFORD TO BE GENEROUS

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alleged buyer of liquor. The liquor he is said to have bought was shipped from Philadelphia to his New York office. "The question involved here," says the special Assistant Attorney General in charge of the case, "is whether or not it is a crime to conspire to transport the liquor purchased."

This question has never been decided and will ultimately go, it is to be presumed, to the United States Supreme Court. In the meantime a new meaning has been given the old phrase, *caveat emptor.*

▸▸*Smith's Significance*

So much has been written and whispered about Governor Smith as a Catholic, as a wet, as a bad boy of a big city, as a not-quite American of recent immigrant stock, that the talk has all but obscured the real question of the man's qualifications for the Presidency. It has remained for Walter Lippman, editor of the Democratic New York "World," to step back from the campaign and to take a broadly philosophical rather than narrowly partisan view of the contest and its significance. Writing on "The Reconstruction of the Democratic Party" in "The Yale Review," he argues that this year affords a trial whether the Democratic party can be recreated as a truly national organization and whether Smith is the leader to accomplish the task.

Probably an unusually large number of votes are doubtful this year, contends Mr. Lippman, largely because of the effect of Smith's candidacy. Further, its tendency is to break up the solid Democratic South because of a reaction against him and his principles, and at the same time to break up the solid Republican North-East because of an attraction toward him. The old direction of the Democratic party admittedly went bankrupt in 1924, and control passed openly at Houston to new men with other methods.

The real test of Smith is not his stand on prohibition or his religion, but his ability to deal with great questions of public right. On this point Mr. Lippman states this conviction: "He means to ask for the support of those groups who in the past followed Bryan, Roosevelt, Wilson, and La Follette. . . . I base my belief in this assertion that Governor Smith intends to recreate the Democratic party as a Progressive party not only upon my knowledge of the man and an acquaintance with his career at Albany, but upon that section of his address which deals with water power. . . . The public utilities using water power are the most powerful and important organized interest with which government will have to deal in the near future, and there is no surer test of a public man's freedom from the entanglements of special and private interests than his willingness to insist upon the retention of public control of the sources of primary power. Governor Smith has taken an unequivocal position on this crucial question. . . . It means that the Smith Democracy will not take its politics from the representatives of large organized capital."

This is the best guaranty, the writer argues, that Smith can bring the farmers into the councils of his party on terms of equality, "because the power interests are not seated at the council table." But there is a more interesting question than "whether Smith will win or lose," and that is "whether the Democratic party is to have a rebirth."

Certainly it would be a great gain for the country if the Democracy could be reconstituted on truly national lines and become again an agency of principles and ideas genuinely contrasted with those of the more conservative party. We should then have a two-party system that would mean something more than a battle for places and power. These are the lines on which the battle is worth fighting.

▸▸*Priest and Politics*

Priests in the diocese of Bishop James A. Griffin, of Springfield, Ill., have received campaign orders from the bishop. Said he, in a letter to every priest in his jurisdiction:

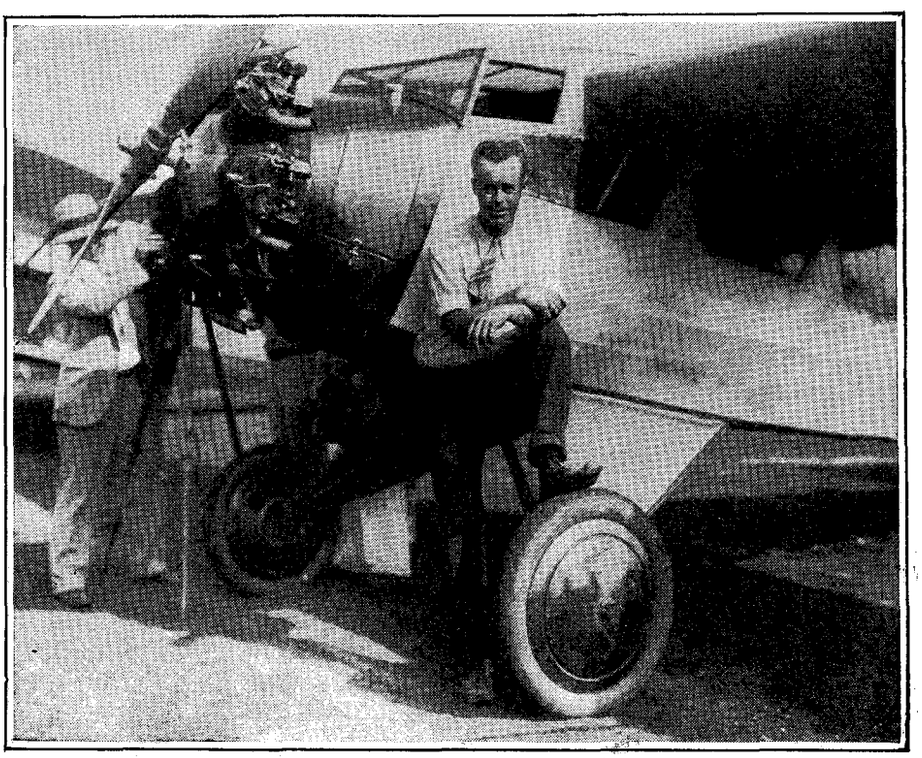
"With us Church and State move onward and upward along parallel lines, neither interfering with the rights of the other. The American Constitution guarantees fullest freedom to our Church and the Church in return, stands forth in a veritable Gibraltar in defense of our Republic.

"We therefore expect, and should circumstances warrant, we command all the priests of our diocese to leave to those outside the church the unholy, unjust, unwise and un-American task of dragging religion into partisan politics."

Meanwhile—Senator Heflin may be soothed to know—the immediate concern of the Vatican is not American politics but the universal "religion of speed."

"The new goddess," says the semi-official organ of the Vatican, "is exalted with the maddest and most foolish hymns to become a symbol of national power, and it has become, indeed, the object of life for many who are no longer content to arrive but find it necessary to arrive quickly.

"Meanwhile true virtues and true



Underwood

WINNER OF CLASS A COAST TO COAST FLIGHT

Earl Rowland Beside the Cessna Monoplane Which Won the Race

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heroism are forgotten. Silent thinkers who, in the obscurity of their laboratories, study the laws and make wonderful application of them for progress, often have worn out clothes; and certainly they have not the wealth and honor that a perverted crowd confers on champions for having used in mad competitions those wonders of science which the former evolved for very different uses."

In the foregoing paragraph the editor is referring to a recent racing accident in Italy. The driver and twenty-one spectators were killed when an automobile turned turtle, but the race went on to its finish.

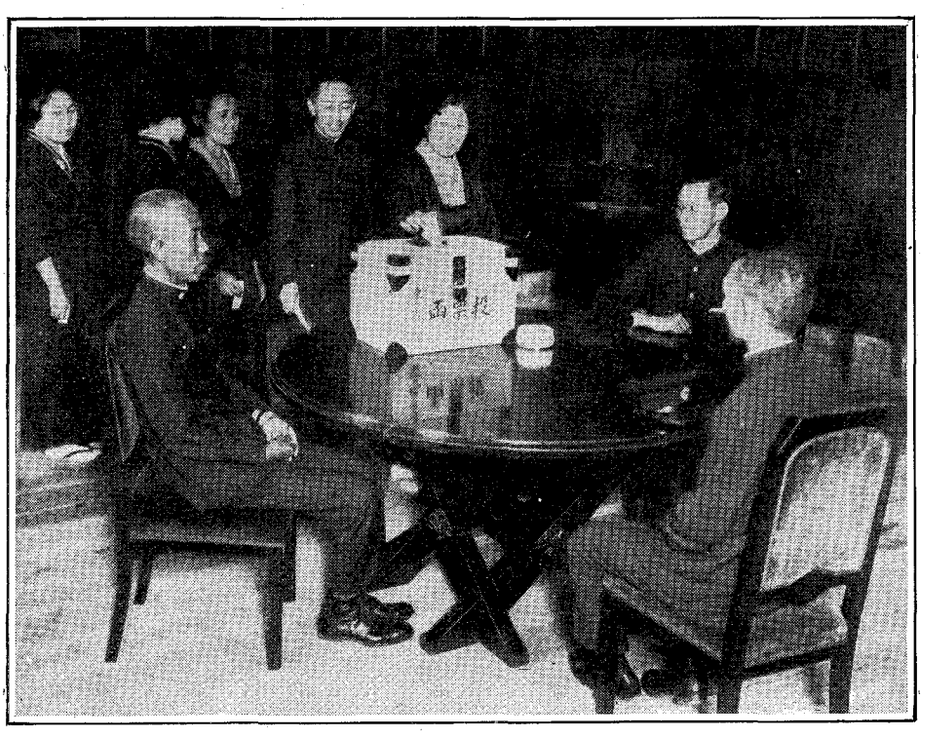
▸▸Barnacles and Biology

Periodically we read in the newspapers that the Leviathan has been forced to take a lay-off and go into dry dock. This little news item gets into the papers only because it concerns the mammoth Leviathan—for all the other ocean-going vessels, small and large, must do the same. Barnacles and other marine growths are largely responsible, and the economic loss they cause to American shipping alone is estimated at about $100,000,000 a year.

Dr. J. Paul Visscher, of the Bureau of Fisheries, has recently written an account published by the Government of the efforts to devise a way to keep marine growth off from the underwater parts of ships and the "American Society for Testing Materials" has published another. In the latter case poison paints for ships' bottoms are recommended; in the former, the use of white bottom paint instead of the almost universal red. It was found during experiments by Dr. Visscher that barnacles do not like to attach themselves to a light colored pigment but do like dark colored pigments.

Dr. Visscher is not a naval architect, shipping expert or practical seaman; he is a biologist. He was thus able to approach this very old problem *de novo*, without any prejudices handed down from centuries of sea tradition. He found many interesting things about the life cycles of the marine growths that cling to the bottom of ships; a heavily fouled ship carries as much as 300 tons of them. These forms of life cut down the vessel's speed very decidedly.

There are few things of a "wholly practical" nature that will not benefit by the scientist's pure instinct for digging down to first causes and then working back again to the end product; equipped with the new point of view usually conferred. The research, costing at most a few thousand dollars, is being continued; if a complete solution finally results, this sum will be negligible, compared with the $100,000,000 yearly loss.



Underwood

THE FIRST STEP IN JAPANESE WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE

Women Employees of the Imperial Railroad Now Vote and Have the Same Rights as the Men Employees

Underwood

THE JAPANESE PREMIER'S WOULD-BE ASSASSIN

Being Led to Trial, His Head Covered with the Traditional Mask Reserved for Dangerous Criminals in Japan

▸▸Life Remains a Mystery

If one were to believe newspaper headlines, one would suppose that scientists were on the point of clearing up the mystery of the origin of life. As a matter of fact the very scientists whose discussions at the recent meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science have borne such headings in the daily press as "Mystery of Death Near Solution" and "Science Reported Near Secret of Life" most readily acknowledge that mysteries are not so easily dispelled. Professor C. Lovatt Evans, President of the physiological section of the Association, declared in his presidential address: "The great mystery of the origin, nature, and purpose of life will, I think, always remain to tease, stimulate, or humiliate us." And Professor F. G. Donnan, whose address was the occasion for the headlines, said: "The mystery of life will always remain. Science is not the death, but the birth of mystery, awe, and reverence." Indeed Professor A. V. Hill, on whose researches some of Professor Donnan's conclusions were based, was even more explicit. "Life itself, the fundamental thing," he said, "will, I think, always remain secret. It has been said that I am able to make a living cell in a laboratory. That is nonsense."

What Professor Donnan had said was that Professor Hill had discovered that

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oxygen was the essential preservative of the cell structure. His words as reported are, "It appeared from his [Dr. Hill's] work on non-medullated nerve cells and on muscle that the organized structure of these cells is a chemo-dynamic structure which requires oxygen and therefore oxidization to preserve it."

Science itself is of course merely one way in which the human mind looks on the world. Its classifications are classifications of ideas. That is implicit in everything the scientist says or does. The real scientist does not pretend to banish mysteries. In fact he acknowledges that mysteries are increasing. Listen, for instance, to what Professor C. Lovatt Evans, quoted above, says further:

"Matter, energy, time, and space are in the melting pot, and out of it will come we know not what kind of strange relations one to another. Of one thing we may be sure, no final explanation will follow . . . Rapidly accumulating wealth of detailed knowledge," he concluded, rehearsing the difficulties science is creating for itself, "demands increased specialization. Unless there is a period of intellectual stock-taking, there must inevitably be a loss of perspective and a grasp of great general principles, but how can this stock-taking be done? Will there have to be abstracts of abstracts, journals and reviews of reviews? How will results of special investigations be brought to common grounds if no great unifying principles come to life? Can we expect such unifying principles will appear? If they do not, will the progress of science be brought to an end by the accumulation of its own products?"

▸▸*Clothes and Efficiency*

Professor Friedberger of Germany has done the men of the civilized world an inestimable service. He has shown them how vastly inferior their clothing is when compared with that of women. This was a self-evident fact to any man and especially to any woman before the professor set it down in terms of exact science, but now we have his statement that men live in a steaming hothouse about eight degrees warmer and fifteen per cent more humid than women—for those are the conditions, not outside, where the thermometer tells a lie about the temperature and relative humidity, but inside the garments. And after all, this is where people live. A similar test made in America in the summertime would reveal a greatly wider spread of temperature-humidity between men and women than in cooler Europe where the tests were made.

It is a strange commentary that a civilization which makes a great to-do of efficiency still clothes itself in thoroughly inefficient garments. Take, for example, the matter of humidity. Our skin perspires, sensibly or insensibly, at all times. The evaporation of this moisture cools us. If the evaporation is defeated by a dense layer of all enveloping fabrics this cooling does not occur. Again, one may liken the relative humidity under a man's clothing on a cool day to that of the outside air on a "muggy" day. Under the heavy garments it is always a muggy day and if the day outside happens to be muggy also the day inside will be 100 per cent saturated.

If all the men on earth could dress for one day as efficiently as women now dress, and if all the women were to dress on the same day as inefficiently as men do, the committee of tailors who are said to dictate the design of men's garments would be found hanging as high as heaven before nightfall.

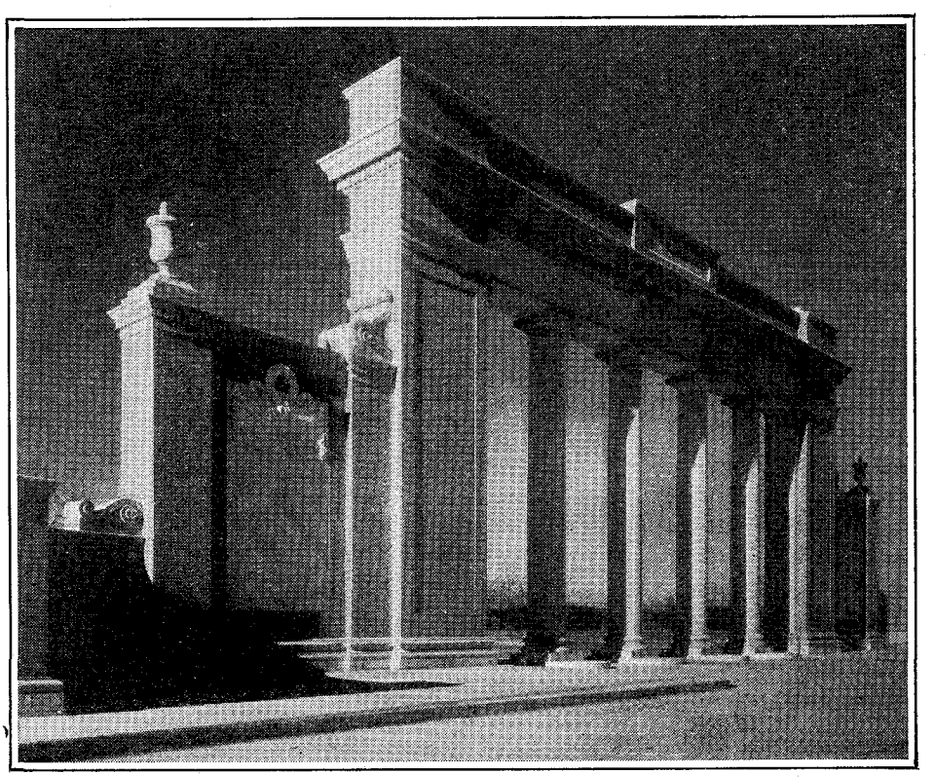
▸▸*Calles and One-Man Rule*

One-man rule in Mexico must go, President Calles has declared. and instead the country must pass to government by national laws and institutions. In measured terms, in a "valedictory message" to the Mexican Congress, the man who nearly every one supposed might continue the administration left headless by the murder of President-elect Obregon declared:

"I want to state that neither in the period following the provisional term nor at any other time shall I aspire to the Presidency of my country. My resolution constitutes a positive and unchangeable fact, that never for any reason or under any circumstances shall I return to the Presidency of the Republic.

"To the whole Mexican family the opportunity has come to make a decided and final effort to pass from the category of a people and government of a dictator to the higher, more dignified, more useful, and more civilized condition of a nation of institutions and laws."

President Calles contended that it was finally possible, in "the lack of a leader of military power," to "direct the policy of the country into truly institutional channels." For himself he rejected the provisional Presidency as well as any later opportunity to become the Chief Executive again. In his position the army chiefs backed him, de-



Underwood

THE WALTER CAMP MEMORIAL

Just Completed at Yale University to the Father of American Football

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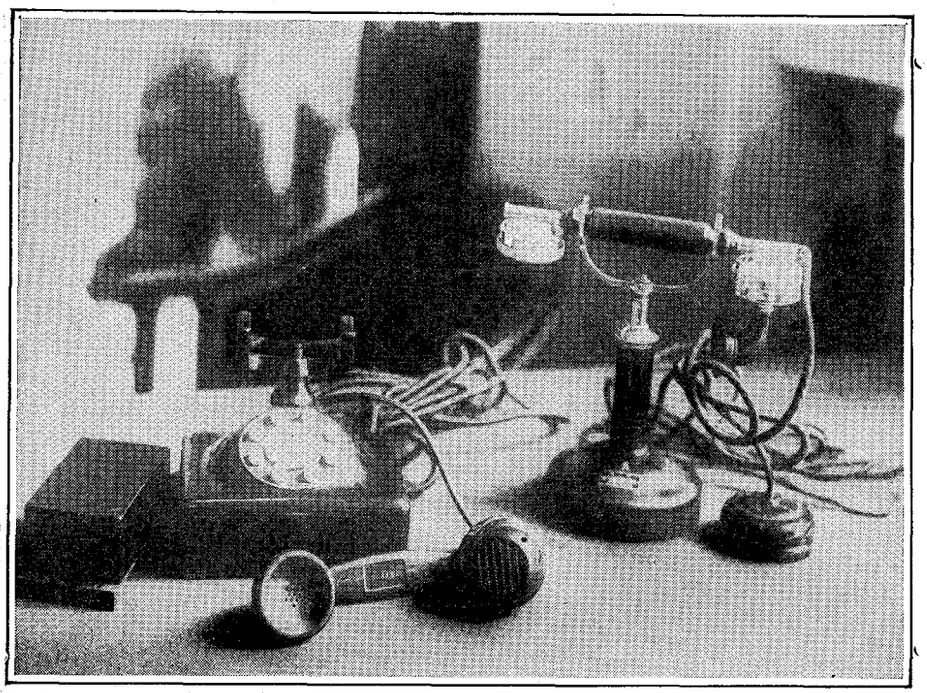


Underwood

THE EMPEROR'S PHONE

The First Phone Placed in the Imperial Palace in Tokio for the Emperor. Calls May be Made But Not Received on This Instrument

claring that they would stand aloof from the selection of a Provisional President.

With the former Obregonista party now divided, it appears likely that Emilio Portes Gil, Minister of the Interior, and an adherent of President Calles, may receive the appointment of the Congress to hold power pending new elections.

▶▶*The Day of Oil*

UNDER the title "Anthracite's Bad Guess" the New York "Sun" editorially indicates its belief that both mine-owners and mine-workers misjudged public feeling about the anthracite strike of 1925-1926. Hard coal for fuel is excellent but it is not indispensable, for most of the world does without it. And just at the time when the consumer was annoyed by the quarrel between labor and capital and shrewdly suspected that in the end the consumer would pay the cost, and more than the cost, of this labor war, other ways of heating houses and furnishing power for light manufactures began to come in use and have been improved and made practical.

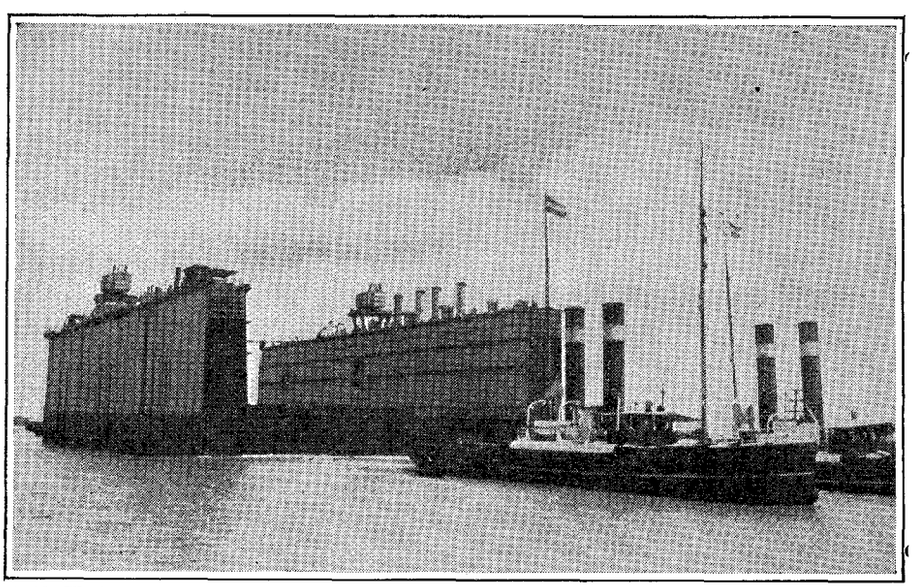
Significant figures adduced are that while the rate of increase in gasoline consumption dropped from thirteen to ten per cent in the first five months of 1928 as compared with the same period in 1927, the rate of increase in the consumption of fuel oil grew from one-and-a-half to ten per cent. The inference as to the use of oil for fuel is obvious. It is accounted for, largely at least, by the expansion of home-heating and domestic machinery by the new oil apparatus. At the recent Oil Heating Exposition it was asserted that approximately eighty per cent of the new homes now being erected in the suburbs of New York under architects' supervision will be heated with oil.

All this does not at all mean the doom of the hard-coal industry, but it may well mean the dawn of lively competition where there has existed, not a monopoly in the strict sense, but a possibility of combination between producers, carriers and large distributors that imposed some of the evils of a monopoly.

▶▶*Radio Talkies*

ANOTHER step toward presenting over the radio simultaneously both the action and the utterances of spoken drama lately took place. Admittedly, radio-television is still in the experimental stage; it may be a long while before we see fulfilled the prediction of Dr. Alexanderson, consulting engineer of the General Electric Company, who supervised this performance at Schenectady, that in time we shall have "special television theatres, a chain of theatres all over the country or the world, without actors, musicians, scene shifters or stage hands.

The play was an old, one-act melodrama, "The Queen's Messenger," in which only two actors appear. By all accounts excellent success attended the voice production, while voice and action were admirably synchronized. The television proper, however, had many limitations. The pictures seen were transmitted four miles by land wire to radio station WGG, and thence broadcast to reappear at Schenectady. Theoretically, any one within reasonable range who had a television radio apparatus (and there are now some privately owned) should have been able



Wide World

A FLOATING DOCK FOR SINGAPORE

855 Feet Long, Passes Through the Suez Canal on its 8,500 Mile Journey From the Tyne to India

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to hear and see the play. Whether this actually occurred is not stated. Only the faces of the two actors appeared, each taken by a separate camera, but a third camera picked up accessories used and such properties as a knife, pistol and cocktails; hands and arms were seen using the properties, but they were those of actors "doubling" for the hero and heroine.

One great drawback to the "movie-talky" is the small size of the picture produced (three inches square), but this is not inherent to any principle involved. Dr. Alexanderson expects soon to produce pictures twelve inches square. Indeed he has already done so, but has not yet adapted his mechanism for broadcasting purposes.

As in previous television experiments, there was a certain amount of blurring and lack of definite outline.

When it is remembered that this was the first actual simultaneous broadcasting of the word and gesture of an acted play, it is easy to hope that future development will be rapidly progressive, as was the case with the telephone, the phonograph and wireless.

▸▸They Never Come Back

"Manassah Mauler" or "Sunday School Willie"—champions are all alike. "They never come back." William D. Upshaw, known as "Sunday School Willie" from his youth up, was the champion prohibition fanatic in Congress, representing a Georgia district. By his fanaticism, he did probably more than all wet Congressmen combined to bring on the wet revolt. Two years ago he was defeated by Leslie J. Steele in a Democratic primary. Mr. Upshaw at once began a campaign to beat Steele at the end of his first term. The primary came off recently and, despite the fact that the district is undoubtedly dry, Steele won over the extreme Upshaw—narrowly but as cleanly as Tunney won over the Mauler in Chicago.

It may be that opportunity knocks more than once but championship in strenuous things does not.

▸▸A Lincoln Letter Salvaged

A press despatch from Atlanta the other day stated that "a letter believed to have been written by Abraham Lincoln when he was President" has been found in a trash pile in the rear of a restaurant there.

There is no doubt that the letter was written by Abraham Lincoln if, as is stated in the despatch, it was on official White House stationery and not some kind of a copy. It is also described as addressed to Michael Hahn and dated on March 13, 1864. Appleton's "Dictionary of Biography" not only tells quite fully the political history of Mr. Hahn and of his inaugural as Governor of Louisiana, but states that he enjoyed the full confidence of Mr. Lincoln, and goes on to describe unmistakably the letter just found in the trash pile.

The most interesting passage in the letter relates to defining the elective franchise. Mr. Lincoln wrote: "I barely suggest for your private consideration whether some of the colored people may not be let in, as, for instance, the very intelligent and especially those who have fought in our gallant ranks. They would probably help, in some trying time to come, to keep the jewel of liberty with the family of freedom."

▸▸Putting the Northern Lights to Work

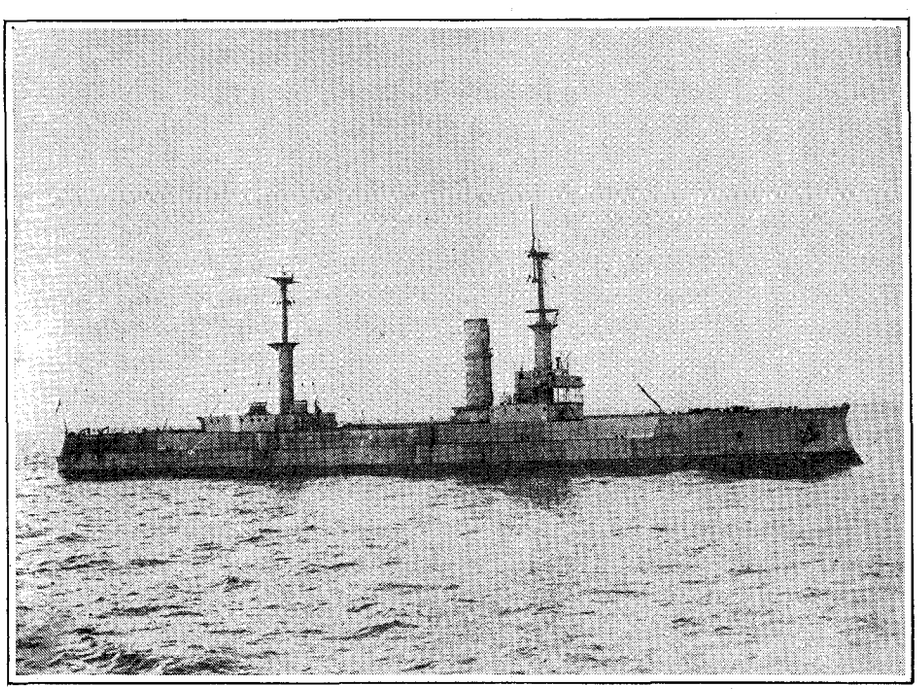
The Northern Lights do not cause radio static. That has been proved by the experiences of the MacMillan party in Northern Labrador last winter, the results of which have just been announced by Commander MacMillan. From a casual reading of his statements as quoted in the newspapers, the conclusion might be reached that he means to say that the Northern Lights have nothing to do with radio reception or transmission. Yet what he actually is quoted as saying may possibly mean something quite different.

"On nights when the auroral arches were most brilliant," says Commander MacMillan, "we got perfect transmission or reception. Yet, on perfect nights . . . it was impossible to get through."

Does that mean that, instead of causing static and hindering radio communication, activity of the Northern Lights actually improves it? Probably not. But the possibility that it does is sufficient to revive a layman's dream—this:

Scientists think—are as nearly certain of it as of anything concerning this mystery of our planet—that the Northern Lights are related to if not caused by sun spots; that the condition of the sun affects this form of earthly radiation. It is a fair enough assumption for a layman that, if it thus affects this planet, it more or less similarly affects at the same time the other planets of the sun's system. Therefore, the only thing necessary to bring about inter-planetary communication is to harness the Northern Lights and put them to work.

The means of harnessing them? Why, that is a matter not for the layman at all but for the scientist.



Acme

A CREWLESS CRUISER

The German Cruiser "Zohringen," Whose Maneuvering, Firing and Signalling are All Directed by Wireless

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Foreign Opinion

By MALCOLM W. DAVIS

TO get the Allied watch off the Rhine is the main concern of German statesmen now. Attention during the Assembly of the League of Nations at Geneva has centered far less on any of the comparatively unimportant doings of the gathering than on this problem of relations between France and Germany—the central question affecting European security and peace.

The signature of the Pact of Paris against war opened the way for the German Chancellor, Hermann Mueller, to raise the issue of disarmament and the Rhineland occupation; and the League conference afforded an opportunity. Having been disappointed in the outcome of the meeting between the Foreign Minister, Dr. Stresemann, with the French Premier, M. Poincaré, in Paris, the patient and persistent German diplomats simply took advantage of the next occasion at Geneva. But Chancellor Mueller's remarks on disarmament, before the Assembly, called out a reply from M. Briand, the French Foreign Minister, that staggered the German Government and the liberal press of Germany. The French leader, on whom the Germans counted as most friendly and disposed to make concessions, surprised them by taking a stand calculated to satisfy even the extreme French nationalists. Germany, he declared, with a standing army of 100,000 men, with reservists, and with a rapidly growing merchant marine that shows how readily the Germans can produce equipment easily available for war purposes, is far from disarmed. And France must have guaranties both of reparations and security before there can be a reduction of armaments or withdrawal of the control of the Rhine.

"Not worthy of the spirit of Locarno," commented Georg Bernhard, editor of the influential pro-republican "Vossische Zeitung" of Berlin. "What is even worse . . . not worthy of M. Briand himself." The reactionary "Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung," with something of a "We told you so" tone, called the speech the severest blow yet dealt to "the policy of understanding." And even the liberal "Achtuhr Abendblatt" termed it "a dagger-thrust in the back of the democrats of all nations."

At the same time the semi-official "Temps" of Paris praised it as "more than a great eloquent record—a political act of importance which will not escape a single attentive observer of the international situation.

"The German campaign for early evacuation of the Rhineland without any recompense in return, for immediate and general disarmament, and for Union with Austria, has created misunderstanding which it is vital to dissipate."

Not unnaturally, British papers began to ask whether the governments were in earnest about limitation of armaments or not.

BRIAND then sprang a second surprise by proposing to withdraw the Allied troops at once from the second zone of occupation in the Rhineland, if Germany would assent to control of the area by a joint commission acting practically as a sub-agency of the League of Nations. It seemed as if his earlier speech had been an adroit maneuver intended to rally public opinion and political support in his own country and so to prepare the way for a conciliatory move. This joint commission, on which Germany would be represented, would be called the Commission of Conciliation, and would be modelled somewhat upon the International High Commission which regulates boundary questions between Canada and the United States. Indeed, the idea for it was drawn in part, it is reported, from the description of the work of this Commission delivered before the Assembly of the League by Prime Minister Mackenzie King of Canada.

The whole broader question of adjustment of war damages, as well as evacuation of the Rhineland, with which it is related, depends—Europeans are arguing more and more insistently—upon some arrangement to lump war debts and reparations in one general fund of international obligations and then to raise the money required by a sale of bonds to investors through the great banking houses of the world. And this is an operation requiring the support of the United States, not only because war debts are involved, but also because the greater part of such securities would have to be marketed in America, where alone people possess the purchasing power to take them up.

THE state of mind among the monarchists and nationalists in Germany, under the Social Democratic Government of Chancellor Mueller, appears in the fact that they have begun directly to assail President von Hindenburg. Here is a man to whom they looked up because he served the Kaiser for more than thirty years, finally as Field Marshal; and through him they hoped for a return to monarchy. But it has become apparent that the old soldier took his oath of loyalty to the Republic as seriously as he formerly took his allegiance to the sovereign, and that he would take no step against the newly established democratic system of government. For a time his dignity and popularity kept their discontent quiet. But recently Herr Class, the leader of the Pan-German League, has made open attacks upon him.

"The longer he is in office," Class declared, "the more it is evident that the President does not fulfill the task which was entrusted to him as the anti-Marxist leader, to try to effect Germany's salvation through every constitutional means . . . Long ago he accepted the tragic foreign policies of Dr. Stresemann . . . Finally, he allowed the Cabinet of Hermann Mueller to be formed, despite the fact that events during the negotiations over construction of the Government showed that practical leadership for the state could not follow . . . No unprejudiced person will deny that since the day von Hindenburg took over his office everything has gone from bad to worse. The President is responsible for Germany's present."

The Pan-German spokesman should tour abroad a little and learn how much Germany's reputation has improved in other countries since he and his kind lost power and the old army chief accepted the command of the Republic.

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Editorials

The Roosevelt Way

PRESENT day political strategists seem to have much in common with parsons who hit at the sins of the Hottentot from comfortable American pulpits, or parsons who choose to hammer the sins of society folk before rural congregations. This is just what politicians indulge in when they fit their utterances to the sympathies of their immediate hearers.

Such was not the habit of Theodore Roosevelt. When he hit from the shoulder he took especial delight in making sure that the thing or man he hit at was in his own immediate vicinity. He preached the doctrine of law to the lawless, his faith in honesty to the corruptionist, and his economic theories in the face of his most violent opponents.

He chose strike-ridden Columbus, Ohio, as the place to attack industrial disorder.

He chose Chicago as the scene of one of his most effective utterances against corruption in government—because Chicago was the home of Senator Lorimer.

He chose Providence, Rhode Island, dominated by the influence of Senator Aldrich, as the place in which to present his views on trusts.

He chose Denver, Colorado, in the heat of the free silver controversy, as the place in which to make his most dramatic appeal for sound money and a protective tariff. His words, "I am for the gold standard," still ring because they were uttered in a state where Roosevelt's party had been hooted and almost mobbed.

It is idle to argue that in this day of radio such dramatic contrasts between speaker and audience have lost their value. It is true that words spoken in Albany carry to the Pacific Coast, and words uttered in Palo Alto are heard above the surf of the Atlantic. But the radio orator and the radio audience have lost that sense of contact and conflict which makes political history. Herbert Hoover might not gain many votes in the East if he appeared at Carnegie Hall and preached the faith that is in him concerning the social and economic advantages of the law which he has called "noble in motive," but he would gain tremendously in the districts where prohibition sentiment holds sway, and in the East itself he would certainly win additional respect for courageous integrity.

Alfred Smith might not win many votes if he delivered a forthright address on the philosophical fallacies and practical failures of prohibition in Topeka, Kansas, but he would certainly still the criticism that his anti-prohibition sentiments were for Eastern consumption only. He would emerge a bigger man from such a conflict and the campaign would be lifted to a higher level.

"Hitting 'em where they ain't" is good baseball tactics and possibly expedient political practice, too, but it results in a campaign in which the factor of courage is negligible. What we would rather see would be a series of hard drives at the opposing pitchers—drives too hot for them to handle.

A Word To Governor Smith

AN eminent journalist once rolled up his sleeves and skinned an eminent resident of Washington.

"What did you think of it?" the victim was asked.

"Didn't read it," he said, drily. "I knew it was ag'in me."

With some surprise, we find it necessary to recommend that practice to Governor Smith. After all these years he should share with Mr. Coolidge a philosophy of resignation toward certain consequences of public life. His exchange a few weeks ago with the Rev. Dr. Straton was a service to himself and to all. Dr. Straton had long since been correctly estimated in New York; he was important only as he was typical of a clerical group. With one bold move Smith exposed him and his prototypes to a national audience. When, however, Smith intimates that he will deal with every character assassin and scandal monger he can lay his hands on, he injures the good opinion of his political sense. What some silly women say over their teacups will not defeat him. What will hurt him is the impression that he is more concerned for his skin than for the job ahead of him.

His opponents have been saying that he can offer no good reasons for a change in administration. The emphasis which he and his supporters have been giving to the so-called whispering campaign will strengthen the enemy's hand. It would be a genuine misfortune if that untruth were established.

Governor Smith has something to say about our intemperate methods of promoting temperance. He has something to say about utilities and the ultimate control of power. His record at Albany enables him to speak with authority about the way business is transacted at Washington. He differs from Mr. Hoover in a way that promises a genuine discussion of government, and he has personal qualities that make for a spirited campaign.

His concern for his good name is natural and proper but it is not the issue to which we expect him to give a great deal of attention. He should know, of all men, that whispers are constants of politics. A few years ago they were licking their lips over the story that Woodrow Wilson was running after the wild women of Paris; this at a time when he was the center of the universe. Before that they were busy with the libel that Roosevelt was a sot. It was inevitable that some women should now be whispering that Smith is a public drunkard.

A Republican scotched that tale. Perhaps it was wise to deal forcefully with its bearers, with implied threats to others. Here we think it should end. For the rest of the campaign we suggest that Governor Smith dispose of calumny with a number of addresses which will impress the country with his grasp of affairs and the practicability of his proposals. Beyond this last attention to back-biters he cannot go without some loss of respect.

The Editors

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What the Country Is Thinking

A Review of Editorial Opinion

By ERNEST HAMLIN ABBOTT

JULIAN HARRIS'S "Enquirer-Sun" of Columbus, Georgia, on the boundary of Alabama, has an editorial page that is interesting because it dares to say what it thinks. It has been a voice for justice to the Negro. It has preached against religious intolerance. In a dry South it has fulminated against the failures of prohibition. And it has been a defender and supporter of Governor Alfred E. Smith. And yet the very qualities that have made it independent have made it intolerant of independence in others. It still occasionally waves the bloody shirt, Southern side out, reverts to Reconstruction, calls the Republican party the Corrupt Old Party, and denounces those Democrats who refuse to support Smith as "Boltocrats." As one Northern paper expresses it, politics in the South may well be termed a religion. Naturally, therefore, in a time of political flux, heterodoxy that has become for the time being orthodox bears suddenly all the fruits of orthodoxy, and the orthodox, now heretical, in turn find the taste of them bitter.

Will the outcome of such a campaign be a greater tolerance all around? Will the orthodox, having tasted the bitterness of their own fruits, become less insistent on forcing the taste of them upon others? It may seem so. Josephus Daniels's paper which, though dry, is supporting Smith out of regard for party regularity, has issued a warning against proscribing bolters as Benedict Arnolds. "If there is to be a wreck," says the Charlotte, N. C., "Observer," "let us save our State out of it."

Elsewhere than in the South the signs of independence in the voters seem not to be causing either passion or despair. Of course, there are Democratic papers that see no corruption that is not Republican, and Republican papers that see in Democratic history only a succession of lost causes. But only extreme partisanship can withstand the cross currents of independence which are now running, and are described by the Philadelphia "Record" as follows:

"We have on the one hand thick and thin Republicans, dry Republicans, wet Republicans, wet anti-Tammany Republicans, independent Republicans, dry ex-Democratic Republicans, and Ku Klux Republicans who secretly circulate religious anti-Smith propaganda.

"On the other hand we have: Thick-and-Thin Democrats, wet Republican Democrats, dry Smith-Democrats, dry anti-Smith Democrats, independent Democrats, anti-Eighteenth Amendment Democrats, anti-Volstead Democrats and mild modification Democrats."

It is clearly the prohibition issue that is mainly responsible for these divisions. But in spite of all the discussion, there seems to me to be little debate on the real merits of the question. The issue has not gone beyond a very elementary stage. The two views as represented by the candidates have been summarized nowhere better than in the Chicago "Daily News" in two editorials. This is the way it states the Hoover program:

"1. Prohibition is an experiment which must be worked out constructively.

"2. To work out this experiment the Eighteenth Amendment must be kept in the Constitution as it now stands.

"3. The Volstead law must be enforced efficiently.

"4. Recognition of the abuses which have grown up under the present law calls for a searching investigation of the whole situation.

"5. Should this investigation establish the need for changes in the enforcement laws, these should be made, provided they do not attempt to legalize what the Constitution forbids."

And this is the way the "Daily News" summarizes the Smith program:

"1. Enforce the Volstead law until it can be changed.

"2. So amend the Volstead law as to give a 'scientific definition' to the alcoholic content of an intoxicant. No suggestion is made as to how this definition is to be obtained.

"3. Each State then would be free to fix its own standard of alcoholic content, always within the limits of the National Prohibition law.

"4. So amend the Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution as to give each State the right to import, manufacture, and sell alcoholic beverages if it should choose to do so."

Exception might be made, as comment shows, to both these summaries. To the first, that Hoover has not yet stated his views about possible modification of the Volstead law as they are stated here; and to the second that Governor Smith has not confined his proposal to State importation and transportation of alcoholic beverages but has left both to private business.

The real issue, if editorial discussion is a good measure of it, is whether prohibition is an experiment to be continued or one to be abandoned. Both sides recognize the gain in the abolition of the saloon. Both sides recognize the existence of evils under prohibition. The Wets are those who say the evils are inherent in prohibition—the experiment has failed. The Drys are those who say let the evils be dealt with, but let the experiment go on. The one proposal made to deal with the evils—that made by Governor Smith—seems to have evoked little approval except in general terms and much disapproval both in general and in detail. I have yet to see any authoritative proposal of dealing with them, as Mr. Hoover states it, "constructively."

Otherwise the comment is all secondary—who supports prohibition and why; what prohibition is or is not responsible for; whether the Negro will vote for rum or should vote for the Constitution, etc., etc., etc.

Temporarily there is wide discussion about the so-called "whispering campaign"—which is the modern term for calumny. Nobody approves of it. There are also many speculations about party prospects as indicated by straw votes, the primary in Wisconsin, the unprecedentedly overwhelming Republican victory in the State election in Maine, and the tendency of the cities to favor Smith, or at least to oppose prohibition.

For the time being tariff, farm relief, giant power, debt reduction and taxes, extravagance and economy, and even the lately warm subject of religious toleration are cooling their heels in the political anteroom.

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From the Life

Hunger

By IBBY HALL

SOMEWHERE along the coast of Southern California this summer, a sea gull rocked on the waves and thought his solitary thoughts.

He had never been an ordinary sea gull. Even the others—those that flocked with him as well as those that flocked past him—felt his strangeness. There was a wild light in his eye and a wantonness in his wing that they might have laughed at or avoided with unconcern, if he had been weaker than themselves. But his body was not only larger, it was stronger and more deft than theirs, with wings that cut an arc wider by several inches on the air than the wings of other gulls.

So they were uneasy with him and let him alone. Or they asked him questions deferentially and pretended to understand no matter what were the answers.

"Why did you leave us so strangely the other night?" a young gull would inquire politely, "You have been away so long—three days and three nights! Your travels must have been full of excitement."

"Not at all," the strange gull would reply. "I was following a bird that flew on wings feathered of pale fire. Its eyes were like lightning but it had no feet." Or: "I have not been away at all," he would say with a cold stare. "You have been bagged by the night, and are no better than dead birds."

The less they understood him the more they pretended to intense admiration.

"You have seen greater wonders than any living sea gull!" they would exclaim fervently.

Sometimes a nervous young gull would burst into a raucous squawk of laughter and cry out:

"What a droll fellow you are! Always hoodwinking us!"

But it made no difference to him what any of them said. He had flown further out over the Pacific than any sea gull ever heard of; he had seen stranger creatures than the others could learn to dream of; and he dreamed of marvels none would ever see. He had no language for these things nor any great need to tell of them. But the further he flew and the greater wonders of ships and caves, moons and storms that he found spread about him, the more marvelous became those unseen wonders he had no speech for. If it were a color or a sound or a rhythm, he knew no peace until he had found it. For he no sooner dreamed of any wonder than he must set out after it.

So these things pressed upon him with a great hunger, until at last all that obsessed him was this hunger—for something he had never seen, the thing that was just beyond.

On this day of early summer the sea gull swung quietly on his pinnacle of ocean. This might have been his tree; the depths of green below swayed under him like living foliage blown by a mysterious wind. Far under were the rainbow habitations of creatures guessed at—dim shadows outlined in moments unreal and glamorous. He could not fly there—he could not sink deeper than these top surfaces of his tree. Above him hung a blue sky. The winds blowing there were soft and quiet, moving towards land and the harbor. The sea gull drifted with the wind.

As he neared the land with its great finger of a pier laid austerely on the breathing breast of water he was suddenly roused by a great commotion among the sea gulls in the harbor ahead of him. Their wings clumsily striking the water, their cries rising shortly and discordantly on the air, they seemed to be struggling and disputing among themselves over the possession of some treasure that could not be seen.

Something to eat, probably. They were always hungry. Refuse was constantly floating in the waters near the pier—that was why the strong winged creatures stayed so near the land. Food was uncertain in those far distances, where the beauty and terror of storms could never fill contracting stomachs. The solitary sea gull floated nearer to his fellows. Now that he was on the water he could see what so strangely disturbed them.

The water that lapped them all about was shining and clear of food. The sea gulls floated quietly and rested in the sun. Then of a sudden what they waited for arrived—a soft flurry of snow showered down upon their wings—their heads—the water—and they became a noisy, fluttering crew, snapping eagerly for these light morsels of whiteness.

The sea gull had tasted it before. Strange figures and fluttering hands would appear every now and then to cast these showers out of bright colored boxes upon the harbor birds. Children would clap their hands to see the struggle and the eating of feathered creatures. They threw their treasured pop corn on the water not because they had no taste for it themselves, but because they wished a spectacle. There would be children now, laughing and shouting above them on the pier. The sea gull looked upwards.

As he looked up he was transfixed. He was caught and surrounded by a dream of light and color that made him tremble. Here was a new song with no sound to it. Here was a new fire and a new rainbow. Here was a whiteness beyond rain and snow and flowers. It swung and dipped and flashed upon the air above him like the disembodied spirit of an ineffable bird—song and flight and wonder there it flew, no bigger than these flakes of pop corn, hovering above a hand that scattered tiresome food to birds.

The sea gull never took his gaze from that point of fire above the careless hand. What manner of woman stood there receiving the ecstacy of this flying caress upon her finger, he would never know. He was in love with a sparkling stone—he was possessed by a diamond, his gaze fastened with invisible nails to that burning loveliness.

As he looked, his desire streamed from his soul to meet the beauty of the stone. Was it his desire or a miracle? Was it spirit or fire that answered him? For the imprisoned stone was suddenly free. On impalpable wings, it lifted from the moving hand, like a glittering arrow it lifted and darted and alighted.

There was a startled scream above his head. A distracted woman on the pier ran wildly up and down, weeping for the loss of her diamond ring. It had slipped from her finger, she wailed, while she was feeding the birds. A diamond worth a fortune!

The sea gull rose on slow magnificent wings. His wide pinions dipped and curved upon the air and lifted higher towards the sun. There were untold distances ahead of him. With the sparkling stone held safely in his beak, the strange sea gull flew away.

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The Theatre

By FRANCIS R. BELLAMY

FREDERICK LONSDALE has a reputation for writing smart society dramas which scintillate with wit and epigrammatic dialogue and yet still manage to deal lightly and deftly with some phase of human emotion common to us all. "Spring Cleaning" and "The Last Of Mrs. Cheyney" are still remembered gratefully in these parts, for precisely these qualities.

Wherefore many people are hastening themselves these evenings to "The High Road" at the Fulton Theatre bent upon an evening full of such entertainment. Here, so they are promised, are more high society English folk, drinking American cocktails and being as bitter and witty and generally immoral and worthless as all high society folk must of necessity be,—if Mr. Lonsdale is to continue to present his plays. Here, also, is the inevitable lady or gentleman—in this case both—from another and lower sphere of life showing up the dukes and duchesses and generally playing Pollyanna Tabloid with them. Here, in brief, is another Maugham-Lonsdale.

And "The High Road" is precisely that.

A callow Duke falls in love with a lovely actress, who is the daughter of a Coster, and the high born family objects; and so to the parental country seat come the lady, the young man, and the lady's impossible father to be viewed, insulted, and taken on trial finally—so that a pleasant, mean three weeks may be assured to all the noble family; cousins, uncles, fathers and all.

SO far, so good; it appeared as if Edna Best as the lovely actress would captivate the family in true " Peg o'My Heart" style; strands of gold, no, hearts of gold would appear in the sodden bosoms of all the well-born; bitter old uncles would weep tears for youthful ideals, and after three acts of witty duelling the usual happy ending would terminate the affair.

That was our guess, and we understand Mr. Lonsdale's as well, when he first began to write it. But he couldn't stand writing a play that was just simply that. For a time it seemed he might never finish his play. And then a story in a newspaper helped him out, and he added two totally different acts to follow the first one.

So that now, in addition to all we have hinted at, the "High Road" poses the mean dilemma—to Mr. Lonsdale, it appears to be a dilemma, anyhow!—the mean dilemma which faces a gentleman who has been the lover of the wife of an invalid for four years, and then happens to fall out of love with her and completely in love with another lady, at the exact moment when the invalid inconsiderately decides to die.

What, asks Mr. Lonsdale, shall this gentleman do?

Particularly, when he has rather compromised the first lady for these four years, and when the new lady is at the moment engaged to his cousin?

The answer is, marry the invalid's ex wife, even though you don't love her, and have to lie to her in order to make her happy. Thus, concludes the hero, is a 'great gentleman' made!

The great sacrifice is made in a long distance telephone conversation to Paris so that the lady cannot see the face of her next husband or the noble gesture of the lady who has given him up just before returning to the stage forever.

Naturally the effect is to make an ass of the great gentleman, and to cast more than a considerable doubt on the quality and depth of the emotion between him and his new actress.

IT is all the more distasteful because throughout the action the members of the noble family—uncles, aunts, cousins—are portrayed as unhappy, bitter and on the wrong road throughout life precisely for the reason that they have lived to the convention instead of to the reality, have sacrificed truth to social formulae and love to conventional symbols. The conventional formula has been the villain in all their lives. And lo! here at the end Mr. Lonsdale turning this villain into the hero! The only way the unhappy lover can become a great gentleman is to meet the conventional idea of how he should behave in this situation!

As a result, one cannot help feeling that Convention has gotten another one of the family, and he too will now go the way of all these others.

Meanwhile, there is the proper number of witty remarks and gay sallies; the characters are mostly very well drawn and exceedingly entertaining; the scenes move with the ease and sureness one expects from the practiced dramatist and at least two parts are worth wasting the rest of the evening to see: Lord Trench and Mr. Hilary. Trench is the customary old English curmudgeon, perhaps, and Hilary, a type of low class Londoner. But both actor and playwright have collaborated to make these two particular examples far out of the ordinary.

In the lead part Edna Best is both lovely and quite English—but even that is not quite enough to turn the trick. An instant's reflection that most of the characters on the stage have followed the "High Road" produces a great longing in the beholder for some one to get up and follow the "Low Road."

Personally, we think it isn't fair for Mr. Lonsdale to quit thinking just when he is about to construct a plot.

MEANWHILE, the season is on. And we have no space for Max Marcin and Samuel Shipman's crook melodrama "Trapped"—which pleased our childish taste and shot our critical faculty dead—nor "The Great Power" or even Phil Dunning's "Night Hostess."

So far as the latter is concerned, the villain strangled one of the night club hostesses in the second act, and after that it was almost as good as "Broadway." Because he hid the body in a trunk and of course that is a nervous business with so many people around in a night club.

But it's just Nick Carter and Theodore Kremer over again.

We still prefer Mr. Lonsdale's bitter, mean, high born people.

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The Movies

By A. M. SHERWOOD, Jr.

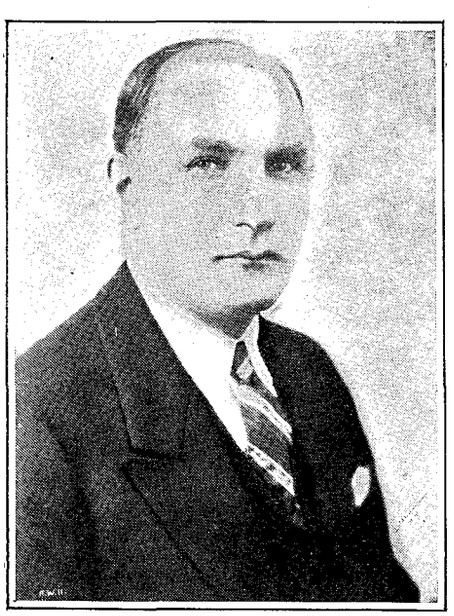
"Home, James"

LAURA LA PLANTE'S blonde comeliness and rib-tickling grimaces are at present involved in a comedy entitled "Home, James," which is all about a pretty shopgirl from the sticks, whose family believe that she is a successful artist. Two of her comic relatives come to New York for shopping purposes and to see for themselves just how successful she really is. They visit, unexpectedly, the store where she toils, and you may well believe she is put to it to keep them from finding out that she works there. Such antics.

We almost forgot to say that prior to the relatives' arrival Laura had fallen in love with the store-owner's sportive son, who had hit on the hitherto unheard-of notion of masquerading as his own chauffeur in order that his wealth and position should not unduly overwhelm the damsel; and also to help out the plot—which, as he astutely perceived, needed help, badly.

The next thing you know, everybody is at the store-magnate's house (or home, as one should call it, to be absolutely *au fait*) having a party; and when the merchant arrives unexpectedly, from a trip to Philadelphia, he is arrested by the police as a prowler.

Then all the other characters get arrested, and there is a big knockout finale showing the hero and heroine being married in the police station by some functionary whom we took to be George W. Olvany.



ALBERT WARNER

J. L. WARNER

In spite of its banality, "Home, James," isn't so dreadful, as entertainment.

"Heart to Heart"

Our personal conviction is that this film is deserving of the Xerxes Y. Zilch Medal for the worst picture of 1928.

Mr. Zukor and all other producers have a perfect right to release pictures like "Heart to Heart." If it's all right with Carl Van Vechten, who wrote "The Tattooed Countess," it's all right with us. Mr. Zukor, as far as we know, has made no covenant with the public which legally obliges him to turn out nothing but perfect films or go to jail.

Only one possible reason occurs to us in explanation of this and similar releases: They are on hand, and something must be done with them before the silent films leave for their long tryst with the Kaiser. If we had something we didn't want and could unload it at a possible profit we would unload same without compunction. Particularly would we do so if we were going into a brand-new business like the talkies where our past shortcomings would be not likely to crab our chances.

Seers of the Cinema

As we write, the papers are full of the story of three Polish boys who took hold of an infant business and built it up to a $12,000,000 concern; of how this $12,000,000 property has now acquired an offshoot with a Modest Capital of $80,000,000 and of the vision and foresight which made it all possible.

The three Polish lads are the Warner Brothers of Hollywood; the offshoot is the Stanley Company of America and the vision—the vision is the talking motion picture.

For months—for many months—we have been predicting the permanent entry of the talking picture into the field of entertainment. Nobody much agreed with us; dismissing the talking movie as a passing fad is something your correspondent has grown awfully tired of hearing done. The truth, however, is that while this frightfully cagy observer has been predicting, the Warner boys have been *doing it*; and this (in a word) is why they have $92,000,000 while we have something less than half of that, more or less.

The vision has persisted with the Warners; they have spent unlimited time and an incalculable amount of money acquiring and perfecting the Vitaphone and overcoming the hundred and one problems which its use in the movies have raised. They have left plenty of room for improvement, but the tenacity which brought them this far will take them the rest of the way, or we're not half the prophet we think we are.

Reports credit every Warner talking picture thus far with being a huge box-office success. This, in itself, is answer enough to the scoffers.

H. M. WARNER

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Champions Don't Merely Happen

By HERBERT REED

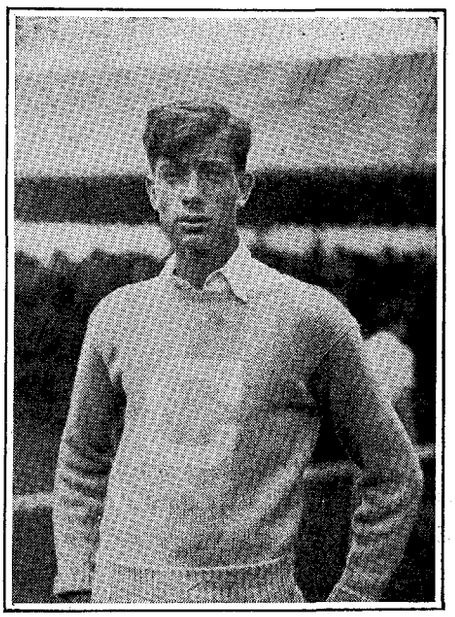
(Right Wing)

TO the making of a champion, the title in both golf and tennis being on the fire as this is written, there goes a great deal more than mere shot-making, good as that may be. There is a persistence, a certain underlying quality difficult to express in print, but none the less ever present. Just one of Napoleon's imponderables, perhaps. However, both tournaments, the golf affair at Brae Burn and the tennis affair at Forest Hills, leave the observer better grounded in his faith in the possibilities of the two games than ever before. There is a background to Cochet in tennis, there is a background to Bobby Jones in golf that even in the one case too much play and in the other 18-hole match rounds cannot erase. In both cases there are up and coming young men who will dethrone the champions, and in golf older men who have plodded along and are able to turn in one or more rounds that are close to perfection. These men, like George C. Voight, medalist at Brae Burn, and in the old days Alexander in tennis, keep their respective games very much alive. Behind Cochet, Borotra, and the other French players is the sound experience of Gobert and Decugis; behind Bobby Jones there is not only the coaching that he received in Atlanta, the family tradition that there should be a first class golfer on the list, but the accumulated experience of the long list of champions of the purely amateur variety.

It is just this background that will produce the champions of the future. In golf the outlook is not quite so bright as in tennis. In the court game the background has produced a young chap named Shields, properly built for just this court game. Here is a young man who is a master of the field of play, and because of size and natural sweep has all the early advantages of Tilden. Some years ago I had thought that young Coggeshall was headed for the tennis crown, and before that the younger Garland. Both these men had the mastery of court generalship that must inevitably go with a champion, but they had not the physique that accompanies a long series of possibly five-set matches. It is true that men of lesser calibre physically play the game superbly. It is true that in the old days the theory was to keep one's opponent constantly making returns. By this method it was that "the little Do" came through to his championship. It was by this method that the Wrenns figured so largely in the history of tennis. But the new method is newly applied to a game of bounds, and this game of bounds presupposes that a champion should be able to keep his opponent out of court by speed and placing. It is for that reason that Shields, the Junior Champion, looks so promising to the average observer; that reason and the reason that there is a certain fire in his make-up that does not seem to appear so conspicuously among the other youngsters of the same flight.

Physically the Junior Champion seems to be better fitted to the game of bounds than those who have been contesting the place with him; seems to be nearer to the Tilden type (yes, it must be said) than any other—and no matter what Tilden elects eventually to do with his own epoch-making brand of tennis, further progress in the game seems destined to go along the lines that he has laid down.

Fortunately for golf, a game in which the mental concentration is of a quite different variety, the final round in the American Amateur championship settled down to a battle between the champions of two great golfing countries—Jones, the man who plays not a great deal of golf outside of the important matches, and Perkins, the British champion, who takes his play in much the same way. It is possible, of course, that Jones takes his golf just a bit more seriously than does the Briton, but both have reached the peak because, all other things being anywhere nearly equal, both have in them the "divine spark," as the football coaches would put it. I had occasion in the course of the Walker cup matches to call attention to the play of Perkins, the then rather stolid, sound golf that he was able to produce, the fact, indeed, that he was able to stick to it and last, unperturbed in the face of a terrific beating. Subsequent performances have proved that this post-war product of the British Isles, glasses, cigarette and all, none the less had the makings of not merely a national but an international champion. He is of the stuff of which champions are made.



Wide World

FRANK SHIELDS

Now as between Jones, admittedly the greatest golfer in the world, and Perkins, outside of his caparisoning—a match for the sartorial elegance of Bobby Jones—there is little to choose in the matter of shot-making. Both need the full 36 holes in which to display their game at their best, for the reason that there is the chance in the extra eighteen to rectify the mistakes that even a champion can make on the first round. In this as in every other sport a man seeks to build his game so that there is room for genius if it should crop up. It was just this little spare room that made Walter Hagen. It is just this little spare room that makes all the champions.

To return for a moment to the theory of games, of bounds, especially golf and tennis. The champion tennis player sees his opponent's court simply as a hole over the net. The champion golfer sees the course only as a series of proper places for the ball. In the case of tennis the champion plays a moving ball through the hole that is opened by court-covering of the defensive player—granted that he is on the defensive—while in the case of the golfer the champion plays a still ball according to the lie of it, and the lie of the land. In both cases there are not merely two or three choices as in the miscalled American national game of baseball, but a

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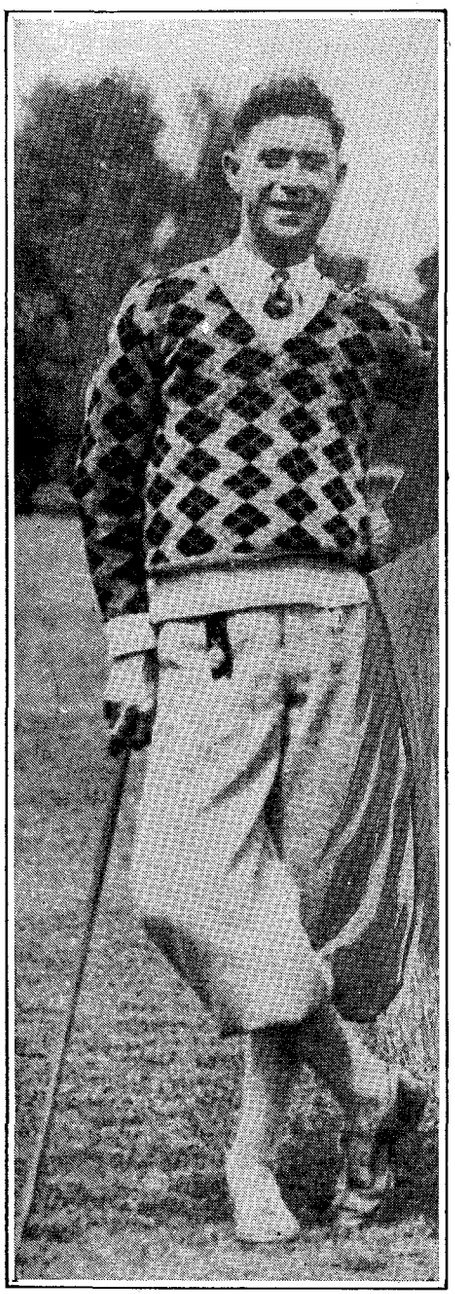
multiplicity of choices, a selection in one case at high speed, and in the other a choice due to profound judgment.

It has been said that golf cannot be dramatized, but that tennis can. That is probably the reason why in tennis the personality of the player leaps into the eye the moment he takes the court, while the golf star grows slowly in the imagination, unless he has mannerisms. It accounts, perhaps, for the emphasis on the dress of Bobby Jones, on the dress of Perkins. Any man who throws a club into the trees can be sure of a line in the papers. Any man who wears the very latest golfing regalia will be watched. But the true champion in golf is found sometimes in humbler garb. Only those critics who watch carefully his sizing up of the problem before him will find the real "comer."



Underwood

GEORGE VOIGHT

At Brae Burn it was a foregone conclusion that the early rounds would see the elimination of serious choices for the championship, notably Evans, Ouimet and Von Elm. It is taking nothing from the men who performed so well in these same early rounds to say that they were merely excellent workmen, sizing up the course simply as the day's task, and playing it accordingly. The chance at eighteen holes was the chance that comes to any player perhaps several times in a lifetime, but not the chance that champions wanted or needed.

On the way to the final round at Brae Burn there were interesting matches, a few of which seemed destined to bring forth a new champion, a champion who had been visioned by nobody, player and critic alike; but as it turned out, the play that brought together the American and the English champions was of the greatest interest for the simple reason that it was a survival of the championship spirit. Up to the semi-final Jones had been slipping and sliding, had indeed been nearly out of the reckoning save for a wonderful brace in an extra hole match. But when the two came to the point where the championship quality had to be displayed, they did indeed display it. Both men were not merely playing against an opponent, but against an invisible *Thing,* the *Thing* at the moment that both of them wanted.

"Bob" Zuppke, the football coach at the University of Illinois, once said to me: "There is nothing much in this sport business but desire; show me desire and I will show you a real champion. Whenever I can get a team together that really *desires* touchdowns, the touchdowns will be made. I can give them the method, but further than that I cannot go."

So it was that both Jones and Perkins went into their semi-final rounds with the real desire of champions. Jones was in his best form of the tournament. Perkins was in his best form of the tournament. Perkins put away George Voight, the 18-hole man of method, 6 and 4, playing meticulous golf, while Jones disposed of Phillips Finlay, a Harvard student, by thirteen up and twelve to play. It would be closer, perhaps, to orthodox reporting to say that Jones "smothered" Finlay. As a matter of fact, Jones was simply himself again, a true champion, while Finlay, by no means a poor golfer, simply was not ready for the class. Jones, who trains as carefully as any runner, who even relieves his mind of golf in the course of a tournament, had in the background of his mind another championship, and because of his reputation felt that he owed to the golfing public to play the golf of which he was really capable, at the critical times, which of course would be the semi-final and the final. That's your true champion, win or lose. Perkins had a harder battle, but proceeded in much the same way. Both felt obligations and fulfilled them—the last and perfect test of champions.

Fashions in football coaching have been steadily changing. The austere, and often slave-driving type seems to have gone out of existence. The coaching nowadays is along the big brother line. Word comes from many quarters that there is great need of men for certain positions. For instance the Army needs a complete new set of ends, which means four. In the old days the candidates would be driven hard, and the psychology would be merely work and more work. Today Captain Sasse, one of the best end coaches in the country, takes the young aspirants for the vacant positions under his wing and starts them out with a quiet talk, and this is the gist of it: "You men have the greatest opportunity of any who have come to West Point in a long time. There are vacancies in the positions you want to fill, and they are very serious. Don't let that frighten you. But it is not merely your physical effort in which I am interested. I am somewhat absorbed in what you are thinking about. And I would suggest that you reduce your thinking this fall to just two things. One, and the first one, is studies. You are of no use to us if you are ineligible. The second is football. If you think only about those two things you are going to be valuable to us and to yourselves. Other things can wait, notably the girl question. I have seen many promising players ruined by too much attention to amatory correspondence. So cut it out." With which brief but succinct preliminary the candidates are all ready for the "duck waddle." The psychology is carried even further. It is suggested that the candidate do a little quack-quacking while he waddles. Something of an art in itself, this football coaching.

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Festival Performances at Salzburg

Salzburg

By EUGENE BONNER

JUST as at Bayreuth where one occupies oneself with the works, performances and souvenirs of Wagner, here in this beautiful old Austrian town which Wolff Dietrich tried his best to transform into a little Italian city, attention is focussed, quite naturally, on the Life, Times, and Works of Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart.

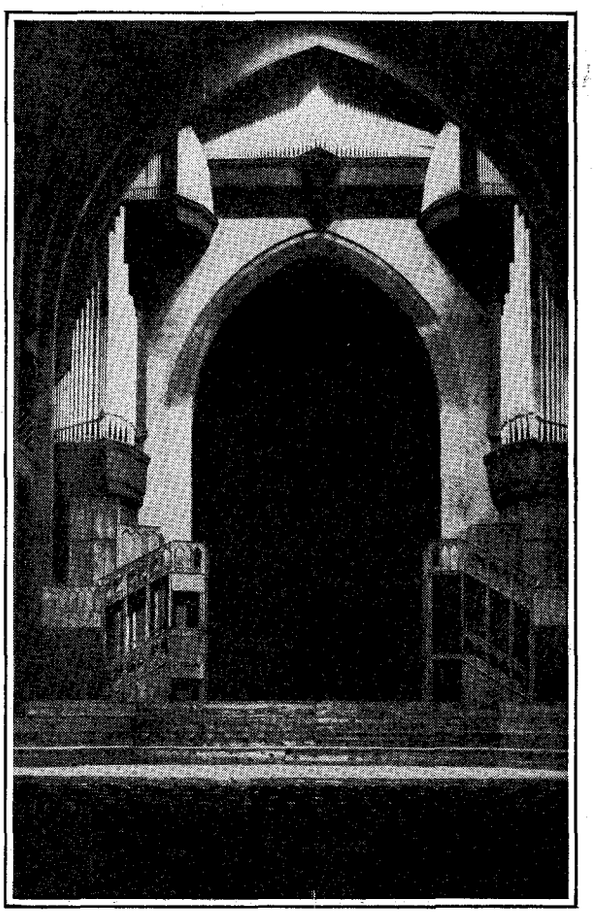
Here is the house in which he was born and where souvenirs of all sorts and kinds are on exhibition, not forgetting to note the macabre exhibit under a glass case—the skull of the composer, who harassed by poverty, dying tragically and prematurely, was buried in a pauper's grave.

While the programs of the Salzburg Festival are not as at Bayreuth, confined to the works of the one composer, it is the Mozart spirit, tradition, or what you will, that is the dominating note of the "Festspiele" here during these present weeks.

Besides the "Cosi Fan Tutte" and "Zauberflöte" of Mozart, there are performances of his symphonic works and chamber-music, as well as the works of other composers. Max Reinhardt has, in addition to his well-known production of "Everyman" (which is performed in front of the Cathedral in the Domplatz, weather permitting) given us his version of the Schiller "Räuber," which even if the play is somewhat dull, is a fine production. With the "Iphigenie" of Goethe, with Moissi, Hartmann and Helene Thimmig, "Das Perchtenspiel" of Richard Bellinger, a fine production of Beethoven's "Fidelio" and performances of the Mozart and Schubert Masses in St. Peterskirche, there is enough variety of entertainment to suit any and all tastes.

At the Mozarteum the Busch Quartet gave a program of chamber-music. This quartet has for its leader, Adolf Busch, violinist, composer, and brother of the distinguished conductor, well known to New York audiences, Fritz Busch.

The first number on the all-Mozart program, the E major quartet, was well albeit somewhat dryly played. The Sonata for Violin and Piano in B major which followed, in which Mr. Busch was assisted by the pianist Rudolf Serkin, was well-nigh ruined by one of the ugliest pianos as regards tone that could well be imagined. Piano with violin or string-quartet is always more or less of a risky business anyway from the point of view of tone-blending, and when that so-called well-tempered instrument sounds as if it had been forged in a blacksmith shop, the result is most unhappy. Besides, the Mozart works for strings and clavier were never intended to be played on the elephantine instruments of today, any more than were the exquisite clavier works of Bach, Couperin or Scarlatti. The program finished with the F major quartet.



STAGE OF THE FESTSPIELHAUS AT SALZBURG

PERSONALLY speaking, we have always found this rather unwieldy work of Mozart the least interesting of all his operas. There is, as every one knows, a great deal of spoken dialogue, much of it dull, much supposed to be funny, but like many another classic, the amusement of it has been dulled by over-familiarity. Then that terrible—that utterly impossible libretto of Schikaneder! Oh yes, we know what is said about the symbolism and philosophy that compose this piece of musical and dramatic hash, but malgré tout it is dull to a depressing degree. One waits impatiently for favorite musical passages and when they are over, tries to take an interest in the solemn doings of these preposterous characters, but it's heavy sledding.

If anything could make this piece interesting it would have been the performance given here a few days ago on the occasion of its revival. An entirely new style of decor was adopted, done in the most modern manner, very effective at times, though one got a little tired of the many changes rung on the quasi-permanent set which consisted of a semi-hexagonal flight of steps which served in turn for regions terrestrial, celestial and infernal.

The stage of the Festspielhaus, that extraordinary building, was framed in a gold-colored arrangement, in shape a sort of pudding-shaped oval. Veils, transparencies, and all the paraphernalia of modern stage-craft were resorted to, and some of the effects, such as the appearing of a large milky moon which seemed to float free in the centre of the stage, heralding the approach of the Queen of the Night, were lovely indeed.

The best individual performance was that of Maria Radjl as Pamina. Although her voice did not seem nearly as large as it did in the role of Aithra in "Die Ägyptische Helena" which she created in Dresden, she coped most successfully with the ornamental periods of Mozart, and was an appealing figure as the much harassed fiancèe of Tamino, impersonated on this occasion by Josef Kalenberg.

The opera was under the musical direction of Franz Schalk, who conducted the orchestra.

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Ivory, Apes and Peacocks

By W. R. BROOKS

WE have seen a good deal of modern furniture, but most of it has been so expensive as to be beyond the means of the ordinary desk slave of the white collar class. As a result of experience gained during certain small alterations to our house, we are of the opinion that only a plasterer or a mason or a plumber could really afford to have his rooms furnished throughout in the modern style. Nevertheless these things are getting cheaper. Marshall Field is showing modern furniture for boys' and girls' rooms, which is certainly suitable for adult use, but which is very reasonably priced. These pieces are lacquered in brown and yellow and grey and black and eggshell, some of it with touches of silver, and rubbed down to a soft finish. There are desks, beds, deep chairs, bookstands and bed-end cases which hold extra bedclothes, books and so on, and make adjustable back supports for sitting up in bed. There is a low dressing table, which is flanked by supplementary console tables, a little higher, and in front of which is a mirror, 15 inches wide, procurable in any height desired. As to prices: the bed platform which holds standard box springs and mattress, is $15; the dressing table $10; the bed-end case $35; and the lounge chair $95.

THE best under-bed box we know of is one which pulls out like a drawer from beneath the bed. It runs on two bars, which can be clamped to the under side of any bed, or even of a crib, and pulls well out so that it is easy to get into. It is made in red cedar, poplar, walnut or mahogany, as well as in metal which is finished in various wood stains or in white, green or ivory enamel. It seems to us much more practical than the usual dust trap which lurks beneath the beds of many apartment dwellers.

Another piece of furniture for space-cramped homes is what the manufacturer calls, we believe, a grandfather stretcher chair. This isn't, as you might suppose, an adaptation of the mediaeval rack for extracting cash from grandfather, but a comfortable armchair which with a little manipulation becomes a full length cot. The back lets down like that of a Morris chair, finds its feet so to speak, and the cushions become a mattress. Said to be comfortable. We don't know, not having tried it. But even if it isn't, we approve of it. We don't believe an emergency guest bed should be too comfortable. We like our guests to stay because they enjoy our charming society, not because they are comfortably housed and well fed. There's something a little gross about that, we think.

Quite a long time ago we wrote about a fire screen which pulls down over the fireplace opening like a window shade. We have recently seen another type of screen, the *porte de feu,* which even though it is titled in French, seems quite practical. It's simply, or perhaps we should say *tout simplement,* a double door with a metal frame filled with wire mesh which can be closed and locked, so that the fire can practically be locked up in a cupboard. Said to be most useful in a nursery, where it will prevent the unburnt child from gaining too much experience. But we, being one of those people who like to poke their own fires and resent the attempts of casual guests to make them burn better as much as we should resent the use of our own toothbrush, believe that we should like a *porte de feu* for our own fireplace.

NOTE for golfers. At the behest of a friend we exhumed our rusty clubs a few days ago and went out to play golf. We were pretty bad. We careered devastatingly down the fairway, endeavoring as best we could to replace all divots, but unfortunately there weren't any divots, there was nothing but powdered dirt and a few shreds of grass, so much vigor we put into our swing. "This is certainly an old man's game," we said to our friend. "We're too strong. You have to be weak to play golf properly. Why, even our putts——" And with that we made a putt which hit the stake and broke it in two. But our friend was getting worried—naturally, no doubt, since he belonged to the club whose course we were playing over. So in deference to his wishes we held back a little on the shots. With the result that we began topping the ball, and presently had cut it so badly that we had to throw it away. True, it was an old ball. All the golf balls in our bag were veterans. But by the time we had played eighteen holes they were all gone. So the next day we went in to buy some more. "We want some," we said, "that will stand rough treatment." The clerk pulled out some Click Colonels, which, he said, were guaranteed. "If you cut 'em, you can send 'em back and they'll replace them." And he showed us the guarantee on the box.

Now we haven't played with these balls yet, but we think this guarantee is an interesting feature. Perhaps you know about it. Perhaps you are a good enough player so that you never cut a ball. But if you don't know about it, and if your bag at this moment contains some badly chewed balls, we recommend it to your attention.

Speaking of worn out golf balls reminds us that you can get a tennis ball renapper, which will whiten and put a fresh nap on tennis balls that have gotten so frayed that they "sail" out of control. Of course if the balls are dead you can't do anything about it.

IN view of the approach of the mud and slush season, we believe you may be interested in a serviceable doormat, made of woven hemp in a honeycomb effect with fringed edges, which drains well and will really scrape off the mud that would otherwise dim the lustre of the roses in the parlor carpet.

And speaking of carpets, there's a new Wilton in a heather mixture which will go almost anywhere, is procurable in all usual widths and any length, and is less prone than most one-color carpets to emphasize such dirt as does get by the doormat, or even to reproduce footprints.

NOW that surreptitious cooking has become so much a part of hotel and hotel apartment life, there should be some demand for a neatly packed cooking set which includes a small electric stove, a four-cup percolator, a one quart double boiler, and a tray. Useful, too, in sick room or nursery.

Another kitchen supplement is the Thermos ice crock, which holds four quarts of cracked ice. It is made in green and mahogany enamel, is glass lined with nickel trim, and has with it a pair of silver plated tongs for transferring ice from crock to glass. Excellent for picnics, or for porch use.

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Speaking of Books

Edited by FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS

The Light of Other Days

Francois Villon, by **D. B. Wyndham Lewis:** Coward McCann and Edwin V. Mitchell.

The Life of Sir Martin Frobisher. By **William McFee.** Harpers.

Bonnie Prince Charlie. By **Donald Barr Chidsey.** The John Day Company.

THE reasons for the great current demand for biography are varied, far to seek, and have been somewhat discussed in these pages. The reasons for the supply are obvious; demand creates it. And Imperious Caesar dead and turned to clay can be read up on by any hard-working scribbler and put to the very practical use of making money and perhaps an ephemeral reputation for said scribbler. For no other conceivable reason would the book "This Side Idolatry" discussed in this issue by another reviewer have been written and published, nowadays, when the personality of Dickens, an extremely impersonal writer anyway, has long since been a matter of indifference to the world and when his work continues to bring joy to thousands of people. The mass of biography, and what a mass it is, appears to have been written by men who, until they began to work on each particular book, knew little and what is far more important cared less for the people and period of which they write.

Not so the men who wrote the three books listed at the head of this paper. Lewis and Chidsey and McFee looked in their source books certainly, but then they looked in their hearts and wrote. So vividly have they felt the times of which they write that their work—and this is true to an amazing extent of Lewis's—is informed by a nostalgia for the past.

The phrase, light of other days, in that it has a ring of melancholy and forgotten things is scarcely apt for any discussion of Villon or Frobisher. Villon's poetry is as great as it was on the day he wrote it; his audience, ten thousand fold greater. Martin Frobisher will not be forgotten as long as explorers go on perilous journeys, small ships sail the narrow seas, and men remember the days of Gloriana. Only Charles Edward Stuart, that bonnie, feckless prince, accomplished nothing. Men died and women wept for him and they sing him still in the Scotch highlands. But he was a failure. He lives only in the poetry of defeat. He is one of the most romantic figures in history, and Donald Chidsey tells his story with a fine feeling for romance, but with a perfectly temperate vision of fact. From his childhood in Rome, surrounded by intrigue and spying and plots that failed, through his first tragic attempt to regain his birthright, his escape, his wanderings, his further failures, to his end as a dissolute old man in Florence, sottish and bedraggled but still irresistibly charming, Mr. Chidsey has described him with an informal grace which adds to the factual basis of his book a highly readable surface. That surface a book about the Jacobite cause and its final collapse very certainly needs, because except to such people as happen like this reviewer to have had forbears hung like fruit upon the trees of Argyllshire for stubborn and impractical loyalty to the Stuarts, the days of the Forty-five are as remote as the stone age and less important. The strange contradictory Scots character, so admirably presented by Donald Chidsey in his picture of the lairds who fought for the Stuarts, or betrayed them, or did both, is less familiar than the traditional cliché of the lowland Scot squeezing the ha'pennies, and not nearly so funny. But the Scots method of fighting at Culloden, when the uncontrollable ardor of the clansmen and the bitter clan rivalries (a remarkable survival of feudal days) lost the day for the Jacobites as they had previously lost for Scotland every great battle in her history except one, will be made more interesting to Americans if they remember that the last battle to be fought with claymores was fought on American soil. This was Moore's Creek Bridge, at the beginnning of the revolution, when fifteen hundred Scots, the sons of exiles settled in North Carolina after the collapse of Prince Charlie's campaign, having learned temporarily that rebellion against organized authority is foolish, took down their broadswords, marched to join the British on the coast and were met and slaughtered by a regiment of Colonials, armed with muskets and powder. Donald Chidsey carries his own sympathy past the gallant, brave days of Charles Stuart's youth on to the intrigues of his middle years and even to his unappetizing old age. Readers will hardly be so kindly. It is better that romantic figures should pass from the world in their hey-day. "Bonnie Prince Charlie" contains no new material. That it should have been written, that it will be read is perhaps simply another tribute to the disturbing charm of lost causes and the wistful memory of the "lad that was born to be king."

The Most Discussed Books

THIS list is compiled from the lists of the ten best-selling volumes sent us by wire by the following book-shops each week:

New York—Brentano's;
Rochester—Scrantoms Inc.;
Cleveland—Korner & Wood;
St. Louis—Scruggs, Vandevoort, & Barney;
Denver—Kendrick Bellamy Company;
Houston—Teolin Pillot Company;
San Francisco—Paul Elder & Co.;
Baltimore—Norman, Remington Company;
Kansas City—Emery Bird Thayer;
Atlanta—Miller's Book Store;
Los Angeles—Bullock's;
Chicago—Marshall Field & Co.;
Cincinnati—Stewart Kidd
Portland, Oregon—J. K. Gill Company

Fiction

"Swan Song," by John Galsworthy. Charles Scribner's Sons. Read either as the last book of the "Forsyte Saga" or as an independent story, this masterly novel should please all readers. Reviewed August 1.

All Kneeling, by Anne Parrish: Harper and Bros. This light, ironic character study will probably please admirers of the author's work. Reviewed last week.

The Children, by Edith Wharton: D. Appleton. Reviewed in this issue by Mary Shirley.

Destiny Bay, by Donn Byrne: Little, Brown and Co. Review omitted for lack of space; will be printed next week.

"Beau Ideal," by Percival Christopher Wren. The Frederick A. Stokes Company. The third story of the Geste triology, which will be welcomed by lovers of the two which preceded it. The Foreign Legion in Africa once more supplies the theme. Not an atom of reality, but the action is exciting. Reviewed July 25.

Non-Fiction

Goethe, by Emil Ludwig: G. P. Putnams Sons. Reviewed next week.

"The Intelligent Woman's Guide to Socialism and Capitalism," by George Bernard Shaw. Brentano's. Almost every one will agree with G. B. S. this time; and any one with the patience to read his long book through will find it marked by his usual wit and wide interests. Reviewed July 4.

"Disraeli," by Andre Maurois, translated by Hamish Miles. D. Appleton & Co. You will enjoy this charming and vivid biography.

Tamerlane, by Harold Lamb: R. M. McBride Co. We have not yet received a copy of this, but if it is as good as Lamb's Genghis Kahn, it is fine and stirring reading. To be reviewed later.

"Strange Interlude," by Eugene O'Neil. Boni & Liveright. This play, in which the dramatist steals some of the novelists' best psychological thunder, is as good to read as to see.

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The editor of the Golden Hind series of the lives of great explorers was happy in his choice of McFee as the biographer of Frobisher and the historian of those events of Elizabethan days in which he took part. McFee is a sailor himself. Believing that it was he who once deplored in print the unfortunate use by the laity of *able seaman* and *master mariner* as synonyms, we dare not describe his maritime career more definitely. At any rate, he knows the sea and British seamen and he writes lovingly and glowingly of Sir Martin Frobisher, that "very valiant man," and of his companions, particularly of Best, who kept a vivid journal of the voyages when Frobisher was looking for the northwest passage among the ice-floes, and the rest of England was looking for gold in the iron pyrites which he brought from Greenland. McFee is a dependable writer. You can count on his books being good. He is a man of pleasant wit and the play of it through his story is engaging. He has such gusto and appreciation of gusto in others that the reader is really aroused by his picture of these grand, hardy Englishmen; and he writes good salty prose which gives a sense of conscious enjoyment and alert ease to the reading of his book. Frobisher's life is relatively unfamiliar. He has been neglected in favor of the west country seamen, Drake, Raleigh and so forth. He was no polished gentleman, but he was a typical Elizabethan adventurer, "a man of deeds and dauntless valor." Books written, as are Chidsey's and McFee's, with the intention of engaging the interest of the general reader and pleasing him, offer no opportunity for discussion. The sources from which the writers drew their material are not obscure. But the skill and charm with which they build upon those sources are not, unhappily, the property of many who attempt to write popular biography.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis, the author of "François Villon," is not to be confused with the uninitialed (Heaven forgive us, we had almost said *unlettered*) Wyndham Lewis, the painter and polemical writer. This Lewis is by the evidence of his book a fine scholar and, what is of more interest to most readers, the possessor of a vigorous, lucid and picturesque style. By the testimony of his publicity agent (who has poured forth concerning him some of the silliest twaddle ever sent out by a profession not remarkable for brains) he has been a columnist on a London paper. For the period of which he writes, we share his enthusiasm. His knowledge of it we can only envy. His book is described as a documented survey of Villon and his times. It is that, and at the same time it is the most fascinating book which it has been our recent privilege to read. The directors of the Literary Guild have chosen "François Villon" for distribution among guild members. If this is an accolade which so far as the author goes may without offense to the guild be described as conferring more honor upon the giver than upon the recipient, it is, from the subscriber's point of view, a deed which puts them deep in debt to their mentor-committee. People with no sense of the past can have few intelligent opinions about the present. And concerning those fateful years that fall between 1000 and 1500 A.D. most folks are in the position of the very little girl who writing recently a composition on history said—"The Greeks and Romans were important people. Skipping the dark ages we come to Lindbergh."

The mediaeval period was no dark age in the history of thought. Because one knows that during it the final criterion in respect to the elements of mortal life was fitness for salvation is no reason for supposing that individual men were not then performing feats of independent reasoning. Abelard himself said — "All knowledge is good, even that which relates to evil, because a righteous man must have it."

Villon's life fell at the end of the mediaeval period, when it had almost merged into the renaissance. His work is an evidence of the growth of renaissance consciousness. It is marked by an undercurrent of revolt, such as is not found in the literature of the middle ages. And it is strongly ironic. And irony, a quality which vanished from literature with the last Roman writers and only reappeared in the fourteenth century, is ever a weapon in the hands of brilliant men *conscious* of obscure social position. In Villon's time, the political and economic structure of the middle ages was tottering to its final collapse, largely under the blows of Louis XI of France. The period is particularly rich in romantic possibilities because it retained the easier aspects of the mysticism and the scholasticism of the middle ages and the strong plastic traits of mediaeval civilization,

From "The Woodcut of Today at Home and Abroad," pub. by The Studio, Ltd.

"COCKFIGHT"
Woodcut by C. O. Petersen

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plus the general buoyant spirit of the renaissance. Wyndham Lewis makes the most of this. His book is a gorgeous romance, and has not, so far as we recall, been bettered as a picture of Paris and the typical Parigot. The sources of information about Villon are scanty. There are a few official documents which are priceless. Otherwise most are to be found in Villon's own poetry where his lusty use of what is now called the personal touch makes it possible for a man with a real understanding of the period in all its aspects to reconstruct an event in the life out of a line in the verse. There is no quarreling with Wyndham Lewis's sources and to quarrel with his interpretation of them would require a scholarship equal to his own. Lewis says, in one of the columnist's asides, that community plumbing "like criticism is one of the very modern fine arts: *but useful.*" Criticism in the case of his book rises or falls, whichever you choose, into a stream of eulogy.

Most of the columnist's asides are as pungent as this one. Once Lewis falls into a piece of nonsense which arises from his making the common mistake of thinking of the Parisian in whose veins flows mostly Frankish, Celtic and Norman blood, as a Latin. And at another time he indulges in a silly sarcastic defense of the emphasis which he finds it necessary to place, in his narrative, on Villon's Christian faith. But these are small flaws in a hard and precious stone.

After enduring posthumous martyrdom at the hands of late Victorian sentimentalists and current operetta librettists (this man was suffered to be the hero of "The Vagabond King"), François Villon, still doing time in purgatory unless the prayers of his mother and of his long suffering uncle have stood him in good stead, must thank The Blessed Virgin for Wyndham

A Problem Solved

By MARY SHIRLEY

The Children, by **Edith Wharton**. D. Appleton & Co.

IN her latest novel Mrs. Wharton devotes her characteristic art to the problem of divorce in its most important aspect. If she retains the artistic conscience too intact to offer a solution to the question "What happens to the children?" she has effectually solved another problem, "What qualities are essential to a novel's popularity?" "The Children" was foreordained to be a best-seller—and since the sensational success of "The Bridge of San Luis Rey" who shall say that "best seller" is a term of opprobrium to the intelligentsia? Book-sellers all know the customer who wants a book "like" some other book. This customer is one of the pests of the trade, tempting the weary sales-man to suggest the re-reading of the favorite volume, rather than the effort to find something exactly like it. Mrs. Wharton has been fortunate enough to write a book that is "like" any number of popular works, including some of her own. It is like the "House of Mirth," brought sharply up to date, Rose Sellers is a survival of "The Age of Innocence," "Judy and her brood of oddly hatched brothers and sisters is reminiscent of the unforgettable "Sanger's Circus," for Judy is in her own way, "A Constant Nymph." Not that Mrs. Wharton has imitated any author, even herself. Her mind is too well-stored, her craft too matured and certain, for her to gain much from her contemporaries. All her writing-life she has followed an illustrious master and she has been a worthy pupil. It is therefore not surprising that she has again chosen such a theme as Henry James loved to exploit. If "The Children" is less sinister and tragic than "What Maisie Knew," if we laugh at Mrs. Wharton's preposterous situations where the earlier novel froze our blood, it is because Mrs. Wharton, clever mondaine that she is, has shifted the mood of her book to accord with the prevalent attitude of humorous toleration toward such domestic chaos. Upon first consideration we are inclined to regard "The Children" as burlesque, but unfortunately, after the briefest reflection, we find we can match Mrs. Wharton, case for case, particularly in that set of people which Somerset Maugham has seen fit to dub "Our Betters". It is a question however, whether many children of divorced parents are as unhappy as the pathetic little Wheaters. It must be granted that children are the most stiff-necked conformists of the human race, and Gilbert and Sullivan to the contrary, we seriously doubt that "every little gal and every little boy" is born "either a little liberal or a little conservative." We believe all of them are born conservatives and members of the Primrose League, to whatever Red Rages of liberalism they may attain in what are called years of discretion. No doubt children suffered when divorce implied some stigma, but with divorce enjoying its place in the social sun, most children seem to have accepted it with exactly the same matter-of-fact adaptability with which they accept the custom of marriage itself. Whether this attitude is of all things the most shocking and painful is another story. Children of Divorce are neither more nor less happy than other children. The typical modern child is a paradox both neurotic and phlegmatic, a product of all the peculiarities of this age of which divorce is only one symtom rather than a cause. Nevertheless we are moved to poignant pity of all the little Wheaters, as was Martin Boyne when he remembered the "warm cocoon" in which his own childhood had been wrapped before he was thrust into a harsh world. The mildly controversial character of "The Children" will add another factor to its success. For Mrs. Wharton's humor, pity, and a distinction peculiarly her own, her last book well deserves its inevitable popularity.

The Way Quebec Looks At It

(Continued from page 845)

The Commission has made spirits pretty dear and wine fairly cheap. A quart of good whiskey costs around four dollars. A quart of good port can be bought for forty cents, good sherry, table claret and the like for about the same. What is the effect? It is not discernable yet. An enemy of the control system in Montreal told me that it has increased the use of wine without decreasing the use of spirits. A friend of the Commission in Quebec told me today that, in his opinion, it has encouraged violation of the law by driving to the bootlegger the man who wants spirits but cannot afford the Government store price. Still, this man, who is a cosmopolite, would have the Commission go further than it has in making wine cheap. He condemns the Commission for not bringing in larger quantities of low priced French wines. I think I know the reason—two of them —why the Commission has not done this. One reason is a very good Canadian port. The other is an equally good Canadian sherry.

THE Commission appears to be discouraging the tavern, though it is supposed to sell only beer by the glass. The tavern is the old bar room with the bar torn out. One must sit at a

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table to drink beer in a Quebec tavern. But the swinging doors, the tile floor and all the rest are still there. The old proprietors, too. I know that to the back doors of some of them the procurer comes in search of tips as to where to find the wares that his customers want.

It is said to be increasingly difficult to secure a tavern license anywhere in the province. Large areas of Montreal have none today. The largest ward in the city, Notre Dame de Grace, has not a single tavern. Westmount, a separate municipality entirely surrounded by Montreal, has none. Neighborhoods that register any objection to a tavern are pretty sure to remain free of it.

A brewers' price war, too, has had the effect, in Montreal, of weaning many patrons away from the tavern. One of the big breweries had a practice of putting numbers under the caps of beer bottles furnished to groceries. Certain numbers drew prizes. The other breweries cut prices to meet the competition. The legal authorities of the Province held that the prize number business amounted to conducting a lottery and it was discontinued—but the reduced prices stuck, and a considerable number of laboring men foreswore the tavern and adhered to the grocery. This goes some way, at least, toward proving that the tavern is not quite as much the poor man's club as it has been said to be. It is contended that a number of the swinging door places are on the verge of going out of business.

None the less, the tavern is a power in Quebec and, if the present law is in danger at all, danger comes from the possibility of a coalition between the tavern influence and the prohibition forces. It may be that the prohibitionists would not become a party to such a coalition, but it may be, on the other hand, that they would; prohibitionists as I have known them have a strong predilection for practical politics. And yet again tavern keepers with their more respected allies are likely to be good enough politicians to put the thing over without letting the prohibitionists know it.

THE tavern keepers of Quebec, after the manner of the breed, are constantly pushing for more room. They are using all the pressure that they can bring to bear upon the Commission to grant them the privilege of selling wine as well as beer. The Commission has thus far steadfastly refused to hear the plea and its friends believe that it will continue to do so, despite the not inconsiderable political element which believes that Government should not take business out of the hands of private individuals. The tavern keepers are crowding, too, for longer hours, for Sunday concession, for various things, and generally are dissatisfied and sullen. They claim—and with some justice—that the restaurant men are doing a tremendous Sunday trade in beer on a pure pretext of serving meals. Last Sunday afternoon, I was in three such places in the city of Quebec. Not less than five hundred men, in the three, were drinking beer. Sandwiches were not much in evidence.

Its possible allies, the prohibitionists, have no sympathy with the tavern, of course, but that does not make impossible a political situation in which they would vote together. The Protestant, English-speaking prohibitionists have a thorough and very aggressive organization which is constantly attacking the Commission. Its spokesmen do not confine themselves to moral issues but, for instance, some of them assert that the Commission is handling a tremendous lot of money—which is true—and insinuate that it is not accounting for all of it properly—of which there appears to be no proof. Still, the Commission has almost astounding powers, financial and otherwise, and constant pounding upon the fact may alarm some persons who are not primarily interested in prohibition.

Since Protestants do not constitute twenty per cent of the population of the Province, it might be concluded that the prohibition movement can never become formidable. The idea, common in the United States, that all Catholics are opposed to prohibition is one of our fantastic conceptions. Before the present control law was passed in 1921, a majority of the Catholic clergy of the Quebec District were in favor of prohibition. In the Montreal District, the proportion of prohibitionist priests was not so high but it was considerable. During the seven years of control, many priests in both Districts have been won to its support. Many of these converts believe that the system is working as well as could be expected, and the others that it is entitled to a fuller trial. Still, there are at least three organizations of Catholics actively pressing today for prohibition in Quebec. But neither prohibition influence nor liquor influence is formidable alone; they would be if some other issue should ever throw them together.

MEANWHILE, the situation appears to be about as well stabilized as any liquor situation ever can be. Most people outside of the two camps just discussed are agreed that the system is working fairly well, that there is less drunkenness and less crime than there was under the regime of the open saloon or the era of limited prohibition which immediately preceded Government sale.

This is a tolerant and reasonable people. They know that drunkenness and other abuses of liquor cannot be wholly wiped out at once. Most of them do not want moderate drinking prevented. They know how to drink moderately. A majority of them, particularly of the women, are genuinely opposed both in theory and practice to the drinking of spirituous liquors, and they believe that the tendency, slow perhaps but sure, is away from the drinking of spirits. They will probably let the law stand. If it does stand for twenty-five years it has, despite the revolting lawlessness which may now be found, the chance of developing real control of the sale and use of liquor.

This is Quebec, eighty per cent French and eighty-five per cent Catholic. What its experiment offers by way of guidance to the United States I leave for others to say.

The Red Thread in the Mexican Maze

(Continued from page 848)

have an important bearing on what followed to destroy Huerta and throw Mexico back into revolutionary chaos.

Meanwhile, communist propaganda was planting in the United States the seed of a lamentable confusion. Here the red thread again affords a guide through the complicated maze. For this confusion of mind eventually was to prevent the reorganization of Mexico, throw her into the longest and bloodiest struggle any Latin American nation has experienced, and open the doors to the intrusion of an uncivilized, corrupt, communist régime where there had been a peaceful, prosperous, and progressive country.

Huerta was the target for vilification intended to prejudice public opinion in the United States. One of the most active makers of propaganda against Huerta was John Reed, who wrote for leading magazines and newspapers—

(Please turn to page 880)

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The Brownies' Necklace

By HARRIET EAGER DAVIS

Illustrated by Luxor Price

MISS McPHEETERS can still hear her aunt's Southern voice telling this favorite story. For her, those Brownie houses stand as tiny and cunning as ever, and to this day her eyes are dazzled by the glitter of that magic necklace—"first a gold nut, then a silver nut, then a gold nut, then a silver nut." Surely even in our age of radios and autos, children still delight in a good old-fashioned fairy-tale.

"The Brownies' Necklace"

As Remembered by
ELIZABETH LEYBURN McPHEETERS

ONCE upon a time there was a miller who had a wife and one boy named Tony. Their house stood near the mill beside a stream where a dam kept the big wheel turning. The Brownies who lived in the woods loved to play about the old mill at night, and one day their leader, who was about to be married, grew so bold as to ask the miller for a bit of flour for his wedding cake.

"No!" growled the miller, who thought Brownies a nuisance, "I've none to spare—begone!" and sadly the little leader turned away. Then he heard a soft voice calling: "Come to the back door."

It was the miller's wife, as gentle as her husband was rough. Holding out a cup of flour, she asked, "Will this do?"

"Plenty!" cried the Brownie. "Our people are so small this will make enough cake for everybody," and he scampered off in delight.

But next day he returned to the miller's door.

"Sir," he asked courteously, "may we hold our wedding dance on your meadow?" But the miller shook his head.

"No!" he cried gruffly. "You'll trample down all my clover," and sadly the little fellow turned away. Then

he heard a boy's voice calling in a loud whisper:

"Come behind the barn."

There was Tony, the miller's young son, who took after his kindly mother.

"Don't mind my father," said Tony. "He doesn't understand little people. Listen—I'll leave the meadow gate open tonight, and if you are careful, and do no harm, no one will be the wiser."

So late that evening, when mortals lay in bed, the Brownies tiptoed through the gate and danced on the meadow so lightly that not a clover blossom was stirred. But from his window the miller saw their tiny lanterns bobbing, and flying into a rage, he vowed to get even.

So, a few days later, when the Brownie chief came to beg him to open the mill gate for a few moments and let the water through, so the Brownie women could do their yearly washing, the miller refused more harshly than ever.

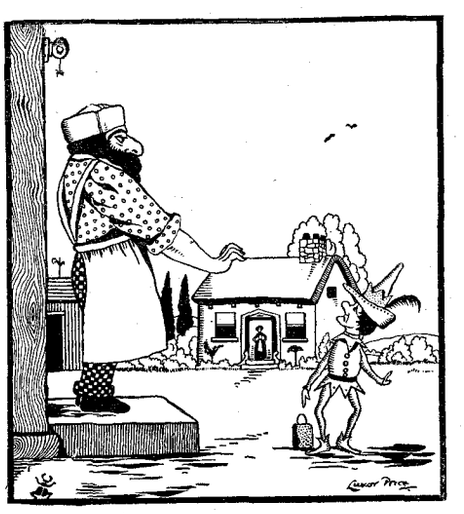
That night, while Tony and his father and mother lay fast asleep, hundreds of little Brownies and their funny little wives swarmed over the mill gate, working at it till it opened and let the water through. Then, chattering and laughing, the Brownie women did their year's washings while the men collected twigs for a bonfire. They meant no harm but first thing they knew, the water poured through in such a torrent it washed away the mill and began to flood the miller's land. The Brownies scurried home in a fright, and when the miller woke next morning, he found his house half full of water and his mill and his living all washed away. All they had left was one cow, which had luckily been staked on high ground.

Now their hard times began. The miller's wife fell ill, and every day, while her husband looked for work, Tony led the cow to pasture, bringing it back every night, for milk was all that kept his mother alive. But the poor woman grew no better and the miller was at his wit's end to know what to do.

One drowsy summer's day as Tony sat watching the cow graze, he fell asleep. When he woke the Little Brownie chief stood beside him.

"Tony," said he, "your mother once gave me a cup of flour for our wedding cake and you opened the meadow gate for our dance. Come with me and I will help you."

Wondering, Tony followed while the little man tapped the trunk of a hollow tree and a doorway opened. Making their way along a winding path they came at length to the Brownie village—the prettiest little place Tony had ever seen. Tiny houses furnished in Brownie-size beds and chairs and tables stood on each side of a tiny street, where dozens of cunning Brownie children ran about playing. In the middle stood a glittering tree, laden with gold and silver nuts.



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Calling his Brownie bride, the chief bade her string a necklace for Tony. The little creature smiled and ran to fetch a diamond needle, which she threaded in golden silk, then picking off the fruit, one by one, she began stringing the necklace—first a gold nut, then a silver nut, then a gold nut, then a silver nut, until she had a beautiful long chain. Throwing it about Tony's neck, she whispered: "Open these nuts when you are in need." Beside the gold and silver nut tree stood a tiny pomegranate tree. Plucking a ripe pomegranate, the chief handed it to Tony.

"Give this to your mother," said he, "as soon as you reach home."

Then leading him back along the path to the tree-trunk door, he let Tony out and disappeared.

Tony looked everywhere for the cow, but she had gone, so, slipping the necklace into his pocket for fear of thieves, and holding the pomegranate carefully in his hand, he ran home.

There lay his mother, paler and weaker than ever.

"Why, Tony!" she cried, "where have you been these three days? I have nearly died of worry."

Without stopping to explain, Tony handed her the pomegranate. She took one taste—and immediately the color came back to her cheeks, her eyes grew bright, and throwing aside the bedclothes, she stood up.

"Oh," she cried, "run fetch your father and tell him I am well again!"

When he had returned with the happy miller, Tony drew the necklace from his pocket, and remembering the Brownie bride's words, he cracked one nut. It was filled with diamonds! He opened another. Rubies tumbled out. Another—it was full of emeralds. Every nut held precious stones.

Now they were rich and could buy a new mill and a dozen cows and anything they wished. But though the grateful wife put out flour and milk every night, and the miller declared the Brownies might have the run of the whole place, and Tony hunted and hunted for the hollow tree, they never saw a Brownie again.

Picked at Random

By WALTER R. BROOKS

George Preedy's General Crack Dodd Mead

Prince Christian Rudolph Augustus Christopher Ketlar, known as General Crack, agrees, in exchange for the hand of the Princess Eleanora of Anhalt-Dessau, to put Prince Leopold on the throne of the Empire. But the weak and credulous Leopold, himself desiring Eleanora, and bitterly wounded in his self-esteem by the necessity for relinquishing the direction of his affairs into the hands of this soldier of fortune, has recourse to treachery. All of Eighteenth Century Europe is the stage on which the tragedy is played out, and the pictures of court life and of battles, the intrigues and campaigns, seemed to us immensely picturesque—glittering and florid as the period they reproduce so faithfully. It is a novel written, we feel, by a historian. Plenty of action of one kind or another, but the action always has reference to political or military affairs, is not exclusively personal. And is all the more convincing for that.

G. D. H. and Margaret Cole's The Man From the River Macmillan

We have read a good many English detective stories, and we wonder how an Englishman ever dares to commit a crime in the rural districts. The countryside must be simply swarming with high officials of the Criminal Investigation Department of Scotland Yard. If the murder is committed in an inn, a manor, a copse or a spinney, invariably there's a Superintendent or a Commissioner vacationing in the neighborhood. And so when the corpse of that unpleasant person, Mr. Meston, came floating down the river to Steeple Tollesbury, there was Superintendent Wilson, who with the usual grumbling references to a busman's holiday, took charge. And a very good job he did too, in spite of the suspicious behavior of nearly everybody else in the vicinity. The names will confuse you a bit at first—Warden and Wilson and Wason and Metson—but it's a good story and less skeletal than most of its kind, if you grasp us.

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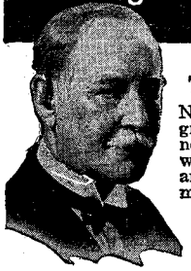

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Rating the Presidents

(Continued from page 851)

first legal step in our history to put the civil service on a merit basis.

Grant was followed in 1876 by General Rutherford B. Hayes, a Civil War soldier with a distinguished and gallant record. It has always seemed to me that Hayes has never received the credit as President to which his memory is entitled. This is partly due, perhaps, to the Tilden-Hayes election controversy which nearly split the country in twain, and partly to the fact that he and Mrs. Hayes were singularly upright, gentle and retiring. They were of a strong religious bent and there are always those who think that a religious man in public life must necessarily be a sniveller. Prohibition was not then an acute political question, but President Hayes and his wife were teetotallers and were averse to serving wine on their table. This led to the well-known witticism of Secretary Evarts, who remarked that at White House dinners "water flows like champagne." President Hayes was opposed to "bloody shirt" reconstruction of the South and in favor of efficiency in Government or, as it was known in those days, "civil service reform." In both of these policies, however, he was obstructed by the spoilsmen of his party.

In 1880 the Republicans again selected a soldier to be their standard bearer, General Garfield, who had a fine record both in the army and in Congress. In spite of the purity of Garfield's private character the whispering gallery attacked him with some of its coarsest insinuations, which utterly failed to smirch him and have now been forgotten. By this time the Democrats determined to take a leaf out of the Republican book and selected as Garfield's opponent, General Winfield Scott Hancock. General Hancock had had no political experience whatever; and Charles A. Dana's only comment in his vitriolic paper, "The Sun," was that "General Hancock is a good man and weighs two hundred pounds." There was then, as there still is, much hedging and dodging on tender and sore points of controversy. General Hancock created a good deal of amusement by saying that "the tariff is a local issue." Perhaps his purpose was to ingratiate himself with both free traders and protectionists. If so, he failed to attain his end although his statement was correct in economics. In any section of the country in which industrialism develops its voters become protectionists whatever may be their political heredity. Consumers are instinctive free traders; producers are instinctive protectionists. It is for this reason that the traditional free trade policy of the Democratic party will be "soft pedalled" this year in those southern states in which manufacturing has grown to important proportions. Wherever the commercial interests of business men make them doubtful about the benefits of philosophical free trade the Democratic party has endeavored to assuage their fears.

ALTHOUGH Blaine was defeated for the Presidency in '84, he deserves to be remembered as the probable originator of the policy of reciprocity as a solution of the complicated question of international trade relations. Blaine's doctrine of reciprocity has found a permanent place in our "most favored nation" treaties. His theory, which is a sound one in social economics, is that the function of the protective tariff is not to prevent the purchase of goods manufactured abroad, but to protect the country from lower standards of wages and living conditions than those existing in the home markets. If this is Republican doctrine it is a doctrine that has generally been accepted by agriculturists as well as by manufacturers, by Democrats as well as by Republicans.

In its attitude towards efficiency in the Presidency and Federal Government, the country seems to vacillate in a curious fashion. Probably the weakest and most ineffective administration in our history was that of James Buchanan. The electorate immediately turned to Lincoln who, next to Washington, gave the country the most efficient direction of national affairs it has ever known, if successful achievement in a period of dire catastrophe is a mark of efficiency. Cleveland's first administration was characterized by new standards of efficiency, but the country abandoned him and tried Harrison, and again returned to Cleveland. It will probably be admitted that no president has done more to reorganize the political structure of the Government on an efficiency basis than Roosevelt. And yet in a very few years the voters, through Harding, put themselves under the corrupting power of Fall and Dougherty, who made the brief period of their authority so contemptible that it can hardly be described without subjecting the narrator to the accusation of whispering.

EFFICIENCY in government is a matter of slow growth; but there are signs that American voters are regarding it with increasing appreciation and understanding. The table I have pre-

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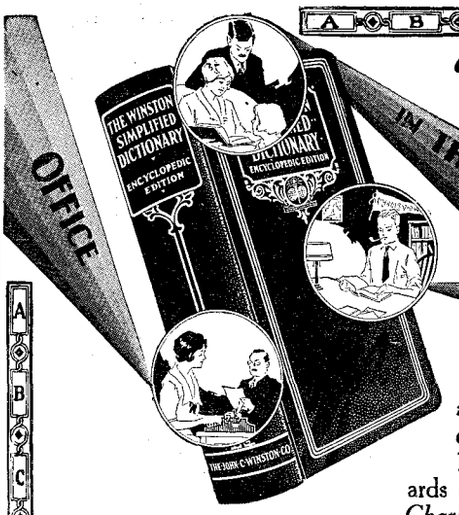
pared expresses only one man s opinion, but it may at least form a basis of discussion for those who are interested in reading presidential history from the efficiency point of view. It should, of course, be borne in mind that the forerunners of the present Republican party were Federalists or Whigs, and that in the days of Jefferson and Madison the Democrats called themselves Republicans to distinguish themselves from what they regarded as the monarchical tendencies of Washington, Adams, Hamilton and Marshall.

THERE are some things about the table that surprise me. I started it with the preconceived notion that the Republican list by its brilliance would throw the Democratic list into the shade. But like a good novelist, I have let the characters speak for themselves, and I am astonished to find that the Democrats make a pretty good showing after all. Their trinity is Jefferson, Cleveland, Wilson. The Republican trinity is Washington, Lincoln, Roosevelt. Remembering that comparisons are odious I will only add the comment that six such names in a political history of less than a century and a half can hardly be furnished by any other government, ancient or modern. Of the eleven Democratic Presidents six, or a fraction more than one-half, have received the insignia E. Exactly one half of the eighteen Republicans are so marked. The Democratic list, however, has four Presidents who seem to deserve the damning W, while the Republican list exhibits only one. As to which to be prouder of, Harding or Buchanan, I will leave the impartial reader to decide.

In the present campaign voters will be asked to choose between the two candidates on the ground of efficiency. One of them was brought up in a political organization which in the past has stood for the spoil system, although he has now outgrown that early education and as governor of a great state has advocated efficiency and put it into practice. The other has from his boyhood been educated in a profession which could not exist without the science of efficiency, and has proved himself in practice to be one of the most capable administrators of modern times both in business and politics. As I see it, the fundamental question for all intelligent voters this year is not prohibition, or religious bigotry, or personal charm, or even intellectual culture. It is simply this: Which candidate is most likely, by training, experience and political heredity and environment, to give us efficient government?



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Flying North

(Continued from page 852)

and where steamers sail round about to avoid land. The straight routes, which are the short routes, lie northward by a mathematical necessity whenever the cities between which they run are far from each other. You see that when you look at your globe. The farther apart cities are, the more northerly must be the shortest route between them. If they are on opposite sides of the earth from each other then, in the northern hemisphere, the road between them lies through the center of the Arctic.

And now it is gradually dawning on us through flights such as those of Wilkins and Eielson from Alaska to Spitsbergen, and Hassel and Cramer from Rockford to Greenland, that these routes that are shortest in miles are also easiest to fly per mile. As to commerce with Europe, this means least to the Atlantic coast cities, for the short routes from them do not lie far north. It means a great deal to Chicago, for the straight road is the one Hassel flew, leading eventually across Greenland and Iceland; it means more to Seattle for, by flying across the north end of Greenland instead of its middle and then across Spitsbergen instead of Iceland, Seattle is almost as near as New York to northern Europe, and 2000 miles closer to some European cities by air than she is by steamer and rail.

The public will not be air minded until they separate air routes in their thinking from routes of steam. Then they will demand short routes, and get them. True, they will have the expense of planning and building a few supply stations on the new routes, but what is that compared with the visioning of transcontinental railways in the old day of ox carts?

It needs no Huntingtons or Hills to lay out direct air routes from Chicago, Minneapolis, or Seattle to London, Berlin, or Moscow, and to develop a service on these routes. But it does need men of the Hassel type, flying new routes instead of hackeneyed ones, if we want to hasten the day when the public shall become air minded, realizing that the farther cities are apart, the more they have to gain by establishing routes between them that run northerly. Thus shall the far places become near, not only through the speed of powerful engines, but through the common sense of flying straight.

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OWNER of camp accommodating 60 to 100 children would like to make connection with teacher having following. 8715 *Outlook*.

The Red Thread in the Mexican Maze

(Continued from page 873)

the same Reed whose ashes are enshrined near the tomb of Lenin.

Huerta was branded drunken, licentious, ignorant, treacherous, and bloody. Of course, Huerta was not perfect; but he was a devoted father and husband, and a kind friend, particularly to the poor and weak. Those who appealed to him for relief from injustice found a sympathetic hearing.

MANUEL CALERO, Madero's Ambassador to Washington and a bitter enemy of Huerta, said in his book, "Un Decenio de Politicia Mexicana" (published in New York in 1920): "It is impossible to deny that under Huerta's Government the great masses of the people found relative protection. Property was respected, homes were not violated, churches were not profaned; life itself, among common mortals, was safe."

Henry Lane Wilson, Ambassador from the United States to Mexico, testified before the Sub-Committee of the Senate investigating the Mexican embroglio, that the protection to foreigners, their lives and interest, furnished by Huerta was excellent, and added: "I have no complaint to make of the action of the Huerta Government while I was there. The action of the Government, in response to remonstrances or complaints of any kind, was instantaneous, energetic, and even better than that of the Diaz Government."

Such was the situation when the Republican Administration of President Taft was succeeded by the Democratic Administration of President Wilson on March 4, 1913.

In a few words: Madero, imposed as President upon Mexico by deceit and terror, was unable to check the communistic influences which had placed him in power. The Mexican people overthrew Madero, and established a new Government which might have brought the country out of revolutionary chaos, had not the United States, by withholding formal recognition in order to exact an unjust bargain, undermined its position and left it exposed to insidious and overt attacks.

Next week the writer will discuss President Wilson's Mexican policy and its effect on the advancement of the revolution in Mexico.

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